Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS, LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

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Maine Farmer.

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S. L. BOARDMAN, Editor.

Our Home, our Country and our Brother Man.

The Foot and Mouth Disease.

This disease, which, though not generally directly fatal, often produces death by secondary action or its influence on other morbid symptoms, has, during the past year, caused great anxiety and loss of property in Great Britain and on the Continent. It has unfortunately made its appearance in this country, and farmers everywhere, more particularly upon the lines of through cattle traffic, should be on their guard, and upon the first indication of disease showing any of its symptoms, immediate information should be given to the proper authorities, that measures may be at once taken to prevent its spread. The disease is highly contagious, not only by contact with diseased animals, but also by contact with the discharges from the sores, and the contagion may be conveyed by the matter adhering to the clothes (especially the shoes) of persons attening diseased animals, and also by the matter in the dung and litter of animals, on which account there is special danger from the manure or dirt thrown out of cattle cars at stations or in motion. The disease is also readily and frequently (perhaps most frequently) communicated by the discharges dropped upon the highways by sick cattle driven over them, and for this reason the first precaution to be taken is to prevent the moving of cattle attacked by the disease. The disease sometimes affects the udders of cows, and during its course (whether symptoms of its affecting the udder part or not) the milk should not be used as human food or given to any animals.

In view of the contagious character of this disease, and of the great trouble and loss it entails, it seems very strange that in the matter of "stamping it out," there should be so much formality on the part of Government officials, as appears from the recent correspondence of Secretary Boutwell and Mr. Harrison of the New York State Agricultural Society. Mr. Harrison addresses Mr. Boutwell, urging that orders be issued by the Treasury Department prohibiting the importation of cattle from Canada, where the disease is known to exist. Mr. Boutwell replies that he has communicated to the "U. S. Consul General of Canada," requesting him to investigate the matter and inform the Department to what extent the disease prevails, and what measures, if any, have been orare being taken towards its suppression." When the report of "said officer" is received, "should it be deemed necessary," prompt measures will be taken to prevent further introduction of the disease. And yet while all this is going on, and care being taken that no one's official toes are being stepped on, the infected animals may be spreading the disease throughout the country. It is highly criminal that "red tape" formalities of government officials should be so strictly observed in a case of such imminent danger. The orders from the Treasury Department should be immediate and positive.

But meanwhile, the disease is spreading to an alarming extent in some parts of New York and in Connecticut. Over one thousand cases are reported in Dutchess county, and in Queens county on Long Island it has made its appearance among the cows kept for furnishing milk for New York city. We believe, however, by prudent and active measures, it may be controlled, and think no groundless fears should possess the minds of our farmers. We have great faith in the sulphurous fumigation alluded to by Mr. Goodale last week, and hope our readers will not forget the remedy.

Bucksport and the Hancock Society.

A correspondent at Bucksport, in speaking of the fair of the Hancock Agricultural Society, held in that town for the first time last fall, says: "I think the farmers of Bucksport did well under the very unfavorable circumstances. It being the first year this Society met in this place, we did not expect to have everything perfect. The weather being very unfavorable added greatly to discourage those that were not really interested. Of the premiums awarded (about $350.00) the farmers of this town took about $275, leaving all other towns in the county about $75. The active members of our Farmers' Club took $175 out of the $275 awarded to residents of this town." This certainly speaks well for the town, and for the Farmers' Club there, although it is the universal experience that towns where fairs are held in rotation, invariably contribute to a greater extent and receive a larger proportion of premiums, than those in distant parts of the county. We are not prepared to accept or controvert the statements of our correspondent in regard to the premiums on crops, (alluded to in a recent issue in connection with some extracts from the report of the committee) and cannot see that the interests of the Society or the farmers of Bucksport would be advanced by the publication. Of course we cannot become the medium through which local disputes are to be settled, nor can we open our columns to the publication of personal articles, whose insertion would lead to a controversy neither interesting or profitable to the larger portion of our readers. We are glad to learn, through this letter, that the Club there is in good condition, and has been of great advantage to its members the present season. For the past year it has only adjourned its meetings for four weeks during the haying season, and many farmers travel five miles, to attend.

Cranberry Growing at Red Beach.

A correspondent at Calais, J. H. V., gives an account of cranberry growing by Mr. Geo. B. Shattuck at Red Beach near that city, who this year raised about eighty bushels, his crop increasing in quantity from year to year. When picking last fall, a square rod was measured off and picked separately, which yielded two and one-half bushels, or at the rate of over four hundred bushels to the acre. There were also many places in other parts of the meadow where the yield was equally as good. Mr. Benjamin Shattuck, an old resident of the county long ago discovered the method of cultivating the cranberry which grows naturally about a small lake on his farm. For twenty years he has never failed of raising a satisfactory crop of berries, considered superior in quality to the cranberries of New Jersey and Cape Cod. Flowing is necessary to protect them from the frost and the cranberry fly. The latter gentleman has between three and four acres set with vines which are now beginning to bear. He is also trying experiments in propagating trout which promise to be remunerative; and concerning which some account would be interesting to many of our readers.

Some Poultry Notes.

A young correspondent at Debbois, A. W. S., who is apparently very enthusiastic upon the matter wants us to "write an article each week" about hens, their varieties, management &c. We assure him that we are not unmindful of the fact that a large number of our readers are interested in keeping poultry, and we intend to give them, as well as readers interested in bees, sheep, horses, and other departments of farm economy, all the information we can gather. In addition to our own articles upon this matter, and the reliable selections we shall be able to make from our exchanges, we invite the views of our poultry keeping readers, from whom we shall always be glad to hear.

Mr. L. H. B., North Sidney, will see by referring to our article on the Dark Brahmas published in No. 2, this volume of the FARMER, that we did not say they "could be procured in this State." Our language was that a few had found their way to this State. As the parties to whom we referred have none for sale, we cannot give him the names of any Maine breeders dealing in them.

There is no really good and satisfactory American Work on poultry, about which, S. C. R., North Bradford, inquires. The old work of Mr. Bement was, perhaps, in its time the best one, but fifteen years have made great changes in the poultry business in our country, many new breeds have been introduced or originated, and there is indeed a great want for a good manual or hand book of poultry. There are, however, the following works from which our correspondent can select: "Handy Book of Poultry," 25 cents; Saunders's "Domestic Poultry," $1.00. These are the only American books on the subject we now remember. The "Practical Poultry Keeper" by L. Wright, is an English work, price $2.50, republished in this country by Orange Judd & Co. "The Poultry Book" by W. B. Tegetmeier, is regarded as the standard work of its kind in England, but the price, $9.00, places it beyond the reach of most people. It is for sale in this country, as are the others named, by A. Williams & Co., 135 Washington St., Boston.

A recent inquiry having been made as to the success of the National Poultry Company's establishment at Bromley, Kent, England, about which something has been said in our paper, the object of which was to demonstrate that poultry keeping on a large scale could be made profiatble;—we copy the following from the last edition, 1869, of Wright's "Practical Poultry Keeper," an English work: "It has become, from sheer necessity, a mere assemblage of hens for breeding and showing prize poultry and selling eggs therefrom; and has altogether failed to provide a supply of fowls for the market at a cheap rate, as every one predicted it would, and on which ground it was ostensibly inaugurated."

New Publications.

The December number of the *American Naturalist*, contains the following articles: Flora of the Prairies; Distribution of the Marine Shells of Florida; The Borers of Certain Shade Trees; Spring time on the Yukon; Impregnation of Eggs in Trout Breeding—with the usual editorial departments. We shall present an abstract of the article of Dr. Packard on Shade Tree Borers in a future number. This work has won a high place among similar publications, and has a happy way of rendering science popular without lowering it. $4 per year in advance. Published at Salem, Mass.

Vick's Illustrated Catalogue and Floral Guide for 1871, has just made its appearance. It is a neatly printed pamphlet of 96 pages, with two colored plates and over three hundred wood cuts. Sent to any address on receipt of ten cents. Address James Vick, Rochester, New York.

American Journal of Microscopy, is the title of a new monthly paper of sixteen pages, devoted to the dissemination of the knowledge of microscopic science. It is published at Chicago by George Mead & Co., at $1 per year. The first number is well made up, with a variety of original and selected articles on microscopic science, and we hope the work—the only one of its kind in America—will be liberally patronized.

Few publications afford so much practical information of a high order, for so small a sum as the *Manufacturer and Builder*, published by Western & Co., 37 Park Row, New York, at $1.50 per annum. It is published monthly, each number containing forty-eight three column pages, the articles being of a practical character, and at the same time of scientific value. As a journal of industrial progress, we know of no paper affording so much reading matter for the money.

The Second Annual Report on the Noxious, Beneficial and other Insects of the State of Missouri, by Charles V. Riley, State Entomologist, has been published. It forms a pamphlet of 135 pages, illustrated by many fine wood engravings, but the poor paper and wretched press work of the State printer, prevents them from being worked in a satisfactory manner. We learn that a small private edition has been printed for the author, of whom a few copies can be obtained. Price $1.50. Address him at St. Louis, Missouri.

The American Chemist. The December number has an important table of contents, among which are articles on Gas Wells in Ohio, Iowa Coals and Peat, Chemical Climatology, and others of general interest, with a full summary of chemical and scientific intelligence for the month. New York: William Baldwin & Co., 434 Broome St., at $5 per annum.

An Essay on the Culture and Management of Forest Trees and Native Evergreens. By Rev. George Pinney. A little pamphlet exhibiting the vast amount of timber being consumed, the various profits and advantages of forest tree culture, and directions for planting and cultivating the same. Price 25 cents. Address the author, Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin.

Advice to Mr. Abbott--Feeding Horses.

A correspondent at Winthrop, S. C., (as we are in doubt about the name, the pencilling being very illegible, we only give the initials) advises Mr. Abbott to give his horse a good bed, a long halter and let him lie down and rest whenever he wishes to. He then gives his experience in feeding for the past ten years, during which time he has been trying to see how cheap he could keep a horse and have him look well. There is one notable instance of the same kind on record, but we judge our correspondent's result has been very different from that. Last winter he fed a 1080 lb. horse on fifteen lbs. of hay and three quarts of oats daily, and kept him looking well all the time, selling him in June last for $400. He is keeping one this winter, weighing 1000 lbs., on twelve lbs. of hay and three quarts of oats daily. We have no doubt that farmers generally give their horses more bulk of hay than they really need and believe that with a small quantity of grain and less hay they could be kept cheaper and in better condition.

The Scotch Sheep Dog.

Dogs are alike the worst enemies and the closest friends of sheep. They may be so destructive as to cause immense damage, and so educated as to be of incalculable service among sheep. We hear scarcely nothing in this country in favor of dogs for tending sheep, but in the old countries, especially in the highlands of Scotland, the shepard's dog is always mentioned when sheep are spoken of, and his worth as an aid in tending a flock of sheep is higher than a dozen boys. Our illustration this week is that of the Colley or Scotch sheep dog, whose sagacity, docility and light active nature—all shown in the engraving—renders him superior to any breed of shepherd's dog known. Mr. Hogg, the celebrated "Ettrick Shepherd" of Blackwood's Magazine, says that a "single shepherd and his dog will accomplish more in gathering a flock of sheep from a Highland farm than twenty shepherds could do without dogs. Neither hunger, fatigue, nor the worst treatment, will drive him from his master's side, and he will follow him through every hardship without murmur or repining."

An interesting account is given by the same writer of an adventure of his Scotch Colley, named "Sirrah:"—One night a flock of lambs, under his care, frightened at something, made what we call in America a regular *stampede*, scattering over the hills in several different bodies. "Sirrah," exclaimed Hogg in despair, "they're a' awa!" The dog dashed off through the darkness. After spending with his assistants the whole night in a fruitless search after the fugitives, Mr. Hogg commenced his return to his master's house. Coming to a deep ravine, they found Sirrah in charge, as they first supposed, of one of the scattered divisions, but what was their joyful surprise to find that not a lamb of the whole flock was missing!

Editorial Notes.

We feel highly complimented at being the subject of the pleasant discussion, or rather conversation, lately indulged in by the intelligent members of the Bucksport Farmers' Club, reported in another place. Our modesty would hardly allow us to publish the same, were it not for the formal vote at the close of the proceedings, the mover of which is one of the best farmers in Hancock County, and personally known to us as a high minded gentleman. There is little reason to suppose the Legislature will be sensible enough to act in accordance with the spirit of this club, but we give place to their report heping the citizens of the State generally will act individually upon the suggestions there made, while the Legislature is engaged upon less important matters.

Among the important inventions recently brought to the notice of the farming public is a suspended seat, to be used on mowers, reapers and vehicles generally. It is said to overcome the sideways or oscillating motion to which the operator of a harvester is subjected when in the seat, as heretofore constructed; so that with this seat he may be as comfortable and secure as in an ordinary riding wagon. It is the invention of Mr. David R. Allen of Cumberland, and will be offered independently in market by Mr. Geo. A. White, known to the farmers in connection with the Wood and Buckeye mowers, respectively. The suspended seat is an improvement, the need of which has long been felt by the users of mowing machines, and we hope it may answer all reasonable expectations concerning it.

In order to give our usual amount of agricultural reading upon this page, we transfer the "Science and Art" column to the last page.

Treatment for Horse-Ail.

Mr. Samuel J. Davies of Sidney, gives an account of a horse owned by him which had a severe attack of horse-ail, and the treatment of the same. The horse would neither eat nor drink, was much pressed for breath, so much so indeed that he was obliged to open his mouth in breathing, and had a cough. The treatment, advised by Mr. Charles H. Lovejoy of that place, consisted in first steaming him, then inserting in each ear a ball as large as a robin's egg made of equal parts of lard and ground mustard (nothing is better to start the nostrils running), and rubbing the swollen parts under the throat in kerosene, occasionally applying alchohol and saltpetre, rubbing it in thoroughly. For physic a sulphur ball was given (equal parts sulphur and Indian meal) three times a day. These remedies applied constantly for three or four days brought relief, and the animal is now gaining rapidly. This treatment, from our knowledge of, and experience with the disease, is recommended to those having horses similarly affected. To administer the sulphur ball, draw the horses tongue out of the mouth with the left hand, as far as possible, place the ball into the throat with the right hand, and when the tongue is drawn in it will be swallowed. Horses seldom have this disease a second time.

Premium Crops in Washington Co.

Mr. Leonard Fisher, Secretary of the Washington County Agricultural Society, sends us a statement of some of the premium crops in that country. John W. Porter raised twenty-four bushels of wheat from one and one-fourth acres. Sowed one acre April 28th. The land was sandy loam, in potatoes the year previous, was dressed with a light coat of barn manure, and 275 lbs of superphosphate. Seed applied, two bushels. The manure and seed were plowed in to the depth of about four inches, and then harrowed smooth.

Thomas McCorlis raised twelve bushels of wheat on half an acre, but presented no statement.

George O. Lincoln raised sixty-five bushels of barley on two acres. Land a deep loam. Manured with ten cords barnyard manure, valued when spread on at $40; cost of plowing, $5; harrowing, rolling &c., $3; harvesting, $4; six bushel seed, $6, making $64. He gives credit for 65 bushels of barley at 90 cts. per bushel amounting to $58.50; two tons of straw at $12 per ton, $24; manure left in the field, $15, amounting to $97.50; profit $33.50.

Mr. Fisher says: "I desire to urge upon all farmers competing for crop premiums to make statements in writing of their method of growing the crops, in order that others may know if they have a better way of farming."

Remedy for Garget.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says:—"I had occasion last summer to look for a remedy for caked udder (the result of careless milking,) and after trying various remedies with no apparent effect, obtained the following receipt from our family physician:

Sweet oil,	2 ounces.
Alcohol,	4 "
Aqua ammonia,	4 "
Tinc. opium,	2 "

Rub thoroughly three times a day.

He had tried it, and recommended it to others, and I have yet to hear of its failure to effect a speedy and permanent cure in every case."

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Transmission of Mechanical Power.

It is often desirable, for various reasons, to place working machinery at some considerable distance from the primary motive power—water wheel or steam engine—by which it is to be propelled. Sometimes building room cannot be obtained near to the source of the power; sometimes buildings already exist at a distance, which could be profitably filled up with machinery, if the power could be transmitted so far, with economy and effect.

My attention was first called to this subject shortly after the great floods in the fall of 1869, which were so destructive to many small manufacturing establishments on the margins of our rivers. An engineering friend in another State, then sent me the pamphlet published by Roebling, of Trenton, N. J., on the Transmission of Power by Wire Ropes. The late Mr. Roebling, the projecter and builder of the Niagara suspension bridge, was a manufacturer of wire rope, and its great ulility as one of the agencies to develop mechanical effects, is shown and illustrated in a most interesting manner, in the pamphlet referred to.

Mechanical power, as is well known, is most commonly transmitted by shafting or by belting, both expensive methods and not applicable for any considerable distances, without greatly enlarged cost. By the use of endless wire ropes, running at great speed over grooved wheels or sheaves—these ropes being from three-eighths to seven-eighths of an inch in diameter—mechanical power can be transmitted conveniently and economically for distances extending even so far as *three miles*. And, in point of economy, Mr. Roebling states that the wire rope method costs only one-fifteenth of an equivalent amount of belting, and the one twenty-fifth of shafting.

In Europe, it is said that since 1850, when this method was first introduced, it has come to be applied to more than two thousand cases. Mention is made of an example at the Paris Exposition of 1867, where the visitors saw "two slender ropes whizzing through the air high above their heads, at the rate of a mile a minute," and transmitting the power of a steam engine to a well three hundred feet off, where it worked a huge pump, lifting a column of water twelve inches in diameter—the forty or fifty horse power of this engine being thus carried to its point of effect by *a half-inch* rope.

Other instances are referred to in the following extracts from Mr. Roebling's pamphlet:—"Many valuable sites for water power are lying idle in this country for want of building room in their immediate vicinity; and since the water can only be led down hill in certain directions, the cost of a canal or flume of sufficient length would, in many cases, come too high, and so the power remains unimproved. By ropes, however, we can convey the power of a turbine or water-wheel in any direction, *up stream* as well as down stream, to either side if necessary; up an ascent, or down a slope. The power may be distributed among a dozen different factories located so as to suit their particular business, and not to suit the oftentimes inconvenient location of a canal."

"In the neighborhood of Frankfort on the Main, in Germany, the power of a 100-horse power turbine is conveyed for a distance of 3200 feet (three-fifths of a mile) by means of a rope transmission to a cotton factory located in the proper place for such a building. Wheels of 13½ feet, making 114 revolutions a minute are used; size of rope five-eighths of an inch, supported by eight intervening stations 400 feet apart. A nearer site for a building could not be found, and this was the only way the power could be made available for the purpose." "At Schaffhausen on the Rhine, advantage was taken of the rapids and a number of turbines put in, aggregating in all 600 horse power. The steep, rocky banks forbade the erection of any factories in the immediate neighborhood, and the entire power was transferred, diagonally across the stream, to the town, *a mile lower down*, and there distributed." By the tables published in this connection, it appears that with wheels of four feet in diameter, making revolutions from 80 to 140 in a minute, ropes no larger than three-eighths of an inch in diameter will transmit from three to six horse powers; while by a rope of five-eighths of an inch, running on wheels of fifteen feet in diameter, at 120 revolutions in a minute, 300 horse power can be transmitted.

In cities, with central steam engines, power can thus be transmitted in all directions, for long distances, across streets high up in the air, along the walls or over the tops of buildings. It would seem as though this method of applying power might be most usefully resorted to in case of many of our smaller water powers, as a measure of comparative safety from destructive floods. The prime motor, the water wheel must of course, be where the water is, and ordinarily, as a matter of necessary economy, the buildings containing the working machinery are placed over, or in immediate contiguity with the water wheel and the flumes. If they were placed at a distance, and the power carried to them by belting or shafting, the cost would be very great. Hence, usually, most of our establishments run by water power, are placed so near the margin of the streams or actually within their beds, that in times of destructive freshets great losses occur of buildings, machinery and fabrics. The largest manufacturing establishments, like the great cotton mills, are of course, usually able and willing to spend money enough to guard themselves against such dangers, but a great many smaller concerns, of most useful variety of manufactures, cannot do this, and they are equally unable to place themselves at a safe distance by shafting or belting. But if only the water wheel and a sufficient building to cover it with its appurtenal gear, were placed near the flume and dam, and the manufacturing buildings at an entirely safe distance on the land, and the power cheaply and effectively carried to them by the endless rope, it would seem that we should here be securing protection against losses by flood, which when they do occur, bear very heavily upon our small villages and manufacturers of limited capital. A hundredth part of the damage sometimes done to a mill on the edge of a stream by a freshet, would supply wire rope to run a similar building, in complete safety from flood for half a century.

P. B.

For the Maine Farmer.

Top Dressing.

In August, 1869, we top-dressed some dry, sandy loam grass land with horse manure at $4 per cord, at the cost of $32 per acre, and this year we have received no benefit from it in the yield of hay. Later we manured a piece of muck land on the top, and we cut three times the yield the year previous. Another piece of the muck we spread over with leached ashes, also a coating of gas lime, and the quality was improved, as well as the quantity trebled. This year we first top-dressed our muck, and the remainder on the high land. On a piece of the high land which we have top-dressed several times, we find that the dressing seemed to thicken the crop at the bottom, but that the quality is very much finer and less of it. This year we shall use ashes on a part, and lime on the other, hoping thereby to lessen or cut the turf. If that does not increase the quantity we must have recourse to some other method, as we cannot afford to own land that does not produce three tons per acre. Once in two years we sow in the fall on the grass ground six pounds of clover per acre, and find that it is a paying investment. As soon as the crop of hay has been taken off and the grass has started three inches, we take all of the manure made through the winter and summer and spread it on. The grass soon covers it and it quickly rots and the roots receive the benefit; after that as fast as a load is made we haul out and spread. We find that two loads of the green is worth one-third more than if it was piled away and rotted and then applied; but it cannot be spread so evenly as the latter.

S. P. MAYBERRY.

For the Maine Farmer.

Wintering Stock.

To every farmer this is an important subject. Both theory and practice are involved in it. The theory is to make the hay and provender furnish as much profit as possible, in the form of gain in flesh, or the production of milk and butter, and also to keep the farm in a thriving condition from the manure made during the winter. The practice of different farmers varies a good deal; and the results of their different methods are equally diverse. Some farmers think the gain is found in feeding out as little as possible of their animals, just enough to get them through the winter; others believe that the most economical way is to feed generously. They believe in high feeding.

The whole subject is one that is worthy of thought and calculation. Whatever the farmer does should be as carefully considered in the way of profit or loss as that of any other business. It is safe to say that what any man does on his farm should be well done.

The wintering of stock profitably is not simply a question of eating hay and grain, or wintering cattle to straw and rough fodder that cannot be carried to market. Probably there are other conditions of the question equally important as that of feeding, and which help to make hay and grain spend well.

1st. There must be good shelter, warm, comfortable quarters for animals, or they will not gain or pay their owner. In an open barn where cattle shake with the cold and are exposed to storms, they have to eat a good deal to keep up animal heat sufficient to live. There is no economy nor profit in such a way of wintering stock, for they come out mere frames in the spring. Some think such a way of keeping stock renders them hardy; but it is an expensive mistake. Animals must be comfortable in order to pay.

2d. There must be a good supply of water in order to have stock do well. This is a demand of the animal system that cannot be disregarded in vain. Stock must be watered at least twice a day. There is no use in feeding well unless one waters his stock well and regularly every day. Cattle should be watered in a sheltered place, in the yards, where they can get water with the least trouble. Let every farmer understand that the question of drink is as important as that of food. Experience teaches this.

3d. Kind treatment is another condition essential to the profitable management of stock. It is remarkable how fully animals appreciate kindness. A passionate, scolding man has no business to look into a leanto of cattle. Animals must be contented and comfortable to gain or furnish profit. I wish every farmer understood that there is a moral element in the question of wintering stock. The ox enjoys being carded by his master. The cow seems to enjoy giving milk to a friendly hand that has given her an ear of corn. We now come to the matter of feeding.

There are certain objects which the farmer has in view in raising and keeping stock. His young creatures he wishes to grow, his older animals he wishes to be fat, or to give a generous supply of rich milk; and he wants to enrich his farm. In considering this subject we must remember one important fact—that the animal system is simply a machine for working up materials furnished it, in a more or less profitable way. The calf, or cow, or ox produces nothing, it only manufactures what the owner gives it. Muscle and bone grow on the food consumed. Fat and milk are made out of what the animal eats and drinks. The poor animal is one having poor machinery; the best animal is one having the best machinery for making muscle or fat or milk, which gives a profit. The same principle holds good with reference to the quality and value of the manure animals make. It is vain to suppose that a load of manure made of straw will make grass or corn grow as well as manure made of nice hay and grain. Feeding straw alone to a stock is feeding straw to the cornfields and the mowing fields. It is weak, cheap manuree, soon spent. On straw a stock of animals generally stands still in growth and profit, but little milk is furnished, and the farm grows lean. Feeding straw and selling the hay and grain has one advantage, it gives ready money; but it will give less money every year. It *pays the best to feed well*, to *feed high*. Feeding hay and grain imparts vitality to every department of the farm. Let us see what it does in detail. It keeps the stock healthy and thrifty. It lays on the fat. Grain saves hay, makes rich, fertilizing manure. It makes the milk flow. With milk comes butter, with milk comes pork, with milk come valuable young animals, with milk comes manure, with milk comes a building up of orchards, grain fields and meadows. And here is where the farmer makes his business profitable, so that he can furnish the community that supply of articles of food which are indispensable—as well as remunerative.

W. A. P. D.

Kennebec Agricultural Society.

Statement of D. H. Thing on Ruta Bagas.

I offer for your premium one-fourth acre of ruta bagas. The ground was old mowing, plowed nine inches deep the 20th of May. Manured with two ox carts of green dung spread on and fifty pounds of Super-phosphate (Cumberland) in the hill. Planted the 28th of May. Rows two feet apart, hills one foot; thinned to three plants in the hill, when the third leaf was out. After they were out of the way of the maggot they were thinned to one plant in a hill, and well hoed and some dirt put around them. Had a fine stand and they grew finely until the drouth took hold of them. Harvested the first day of October. I make no charge for plowing, or barn manure, as the ground is now in better order than before by far.

Three men harrowing and planting half day,	$2 00
Two men thinning half day,	1 25
Two men hoeing one day,	2 50
Three men harvesting half day,	1 50
50 lbs. Super-phosphate, $1.50, ½ bushel plaster, 25 cents,	1 75
	$9 00
By 150 lbs. turnips, 12½ cents,	$18 75
	$9 75

This looks small, but I planted for 300 bushels, and have no doubt I should have got them but for the drouth. They were the finest looking crop the middle of July I ever saw.

[To Mr. Thing the Society awarded its second premium on this crop.]

SCOTCH SHEEP DOG.

Farmers' Clubs.

For the Maine Farmer.

Bucksport.

At a meeting of the Farmers' Club of this place, held last evening (Dec. 21, 1870), there was much said about the best means of educating the farmers so as to be profitable to themselves and the State. Hon. S. T. Hinks was present, and made the club acquainted with the action in the Legislature as regards the farming interests of our State; also a statement of the feeling existing in respect to the agricultural school at Orono—its benefits, etc. to the farmers, naming as one of its most needful rules, that a portion of each day should be devoted to manual labor. He spoke of the importance of a more general diffusion of agricultural knowledge, and thought the State would derive much benefit by putting the MAINE FARMER into the hands of every farmer in the State, either by paying a part or the whole subscription—as there were many farmers who did not take a paper of any kind. Mr. James A. Lawrence said he thought the State would make money by putting the MAINE FARMER into every farmer's hands and paying the whole subscription. Mr. J. R. Arey said he did not know before that others thought as much of the MAINE FARMER as he did. "It is the best paper in the country for the farmer. I would not farm without it. I look forward for its coming for a number of days. It is a glad messenger in my family." He thought every farmer ought to have it, and that the State ought to pay a part of the subscription to those who were not able, or thought they were not, so all could and would have it. On motion of Mr. Arey, voted that this club request the Hon. S. T. Hinks to use his influence in the Legislature to get the MAINE FARMER into the hands of every farmer in the State.

Mr. G. W. Herbert spoke very highly of the introduction of manual labor into the schools, and that it should not be confined to agricultural schools, as many young men and women get an education so they would not have to work for a living. It seemed to disqualify them for work. Young ladies who are educated, generally speaking, would not be suitable for farmers' wives or other laborers, and they looked higher than the kitchen—in fact knew nothing about household affairs, and did not want to know. Seth N. Kent said he thought that one Farmers' Club would do more good to farmers than all the schools in the country. On motion of Ivory Grant it was voted that the doings of this meeting be published in the MAINE FARMER. SILAS B. WARREN, Sec'y.

Bucksport, Dec. 22d.

For the Maine Farmer.

West Hampden.

The West Hampden Farmers' Club re-organized Oct. 8th, 1870, with the following officers: Richard Patten, President; G. W. Sawyer and John Low, Vice Presidents; Frank Patten, Treasurer; J. C. York, Secretary and Librarian. I take pleasure in saying that after more than a year's experience I can truly say that *our* club has been a success. Next to reading good agricultural papers, we receive most benefit from the Farmers' Club. We in this community, have fully demonstrated the utility of the thing, by the increased zeal our members have shown the past season, by experimenting on the various crops, and the large increase per acre above former years. J. E. Shaw, Esq., one of our prominent members, raised thirty-three bushels of wheat from one acre, land only in moderate condition. The fertilizer used was an experiment, and *not* expensive. The land has been used by a succession of crops. The writer raised from about one-eighth of an acre of land broke up in the spring, seventy bushels of merchantable potatoes, some weighed nearly three pounds each. The ground was so poor that it did not cut ten pounds of hay last year. After breaking, I hauled on and spread a light coat of manure from the yard, and harrowed it well, then dropped a little lime, ashes, pinster and salt, mixed about equal parts in the hill, the whole costing perhaps fifty cents.

The benefit derived by farmers meeting together and exchanging views, and telling *intelligently* their experiences, is of incalculable value. Our questions are discussed in lyceum form, and decided aye and nay. We have made arrangements to have an essay by some member of the club every two weeks, on some agricultural topic. J. C. YORK.

West Hampden, Dec. 26, 1870.

For the Maine Farmer.

Webster.

At a meeting of the Webster Farmer's Club held in this town Dec. 19th, 1870, the following officers were chosen: W. T. Kirby, President; D. D. Golder, Vice President; J. W. Maxwell, Secretary and Treasurer. Committee on Subjects—D. D. Golder, J. G. Jordan, Geo. F. Jones. Delegates to Farmers' Convention, to be held at Farmington, Jan. 4th, 5th and 6th, 1870—D. D. Golder, J. B. Jordan, J. H. Jordan, Amzi Sanborn, J. G. Jordan.

Voted to hold an annual Fall Fair, and meetings once a fortnight during the winter. The meeting was adjourned to Wednesday, Dec. 28th, when we had a spirited discussion on the subject of "The Feeding and Care of Cattle," as regards their produce and profit. A diversity of opinion prevailed, so that there was some lively talk which made it all the more pleasant. Adjourned to Jan. 11th, in District No. 10. Subject to be—"Is the Dairy Profitable, as compared with other general farm Operations?" K.

For the Maine Farmer.

Milo.

The citizens of Milo and vicinity have lately organized a club to be known as the Milo Farmers' and Mechanics' Club. Its object is the improvement of its members in subjects pertaining to agriculture, horticulture and the mechanic arts. The club will hold its meetings once a week during the winter. The topics under consideration at present are: "Can Farming be made Profitable in Maine?" and "Which is the most Economical way of Wintering Stock?" The officers at present are, W. W. Sturtevant, President; John Lindsay, Secretary; Ichabod W. Mitchell, Treasurer. The President is chosen for each meeting only; the other officers hold their offices three months.

Milo, Dec. 24th. JOHN LINDSAY, Sec.

For the Maine Farmer.

Glenburn.

The Glenburn and North Bangor Farmers' Club have organized for another winter's campaign, and chosen the following officers for the ensuing year:—C. A. Fawsette, President; Joseph Parks, Vice President; W. E. Gibbs, Secretary; C. A. Fawsette, Treasurer; Mrs. Susan Redley, Librarian; W. E. Gibbs, E. H. Gibbs, F. S. Wilson, Prudential Committee.

Our club numbers about thirty *live* members, and has in the past been productive of much good. Nor do we consider its usefulness ended. It never was more prosperous than now. W. E. GIBBS.

Glenburn, Dec. 17, 1870.

For the Maine Farmer.

East Yarmouth.

The East Yarmouth Farmers' Club reorganized for the season on the evening of Dec. 26th, by the choice of the following officers:—President, G. W. Sweetser; Vice President, O. W. Bracket; Secretary, G. Soule; Treasurer and Collector, J. Walker; Standing Committee, L. J. Pratt, T. S. Walker, J. G. Davis. Our regular meeting will be held on the first and third Mondays of each month. G. SOULE.

East Yarmouth, Dec. 26th.

For the Maine Farmer.

Foxcroft and Dover.

The Foxcroft and Dover Village Farmers' Club re-organized Tuesday evening, Dec. 20th, by the choice of officers as follows:—Cyrus Hill, Secretary; E. J. Hale, Treasurer. The attendance was not large, owing to another entertainment that evening; but those present were richly paid for their attendance by the able and interesting lecture from C. Chamberlain, Esq. Our club is now in a most flourishing condition. CYRUS HILL.

Woman's Department.

From our Correspondents.

That Cream Pie.

Our lady correspondent at Waterville, complains about her receipt for cream pie, published in No. 3, present volume, and we don't wonder. The fact is the *pie* part slipped out through the fingers of the compositor, and in justice to the person sending it, we republish as corrected:

"One cup sugar, three eggs, one-half cup butter, half teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful cream tartar, with flour enough to stiffen. For the cream part put one pint of milk on the stove, three tablespoonfuls of flour mixed with one egg and one-half cup of sugar. Flavor with lemon after it is cold."

The error in the above called out a letter from a reader at Benton—we wish she would send other receipts—who says she fears a young housekeeper would be disappointed with it, and fail to see the "pie." Her receipt for

Cream Pie

is here given:

"*For the Cake*—Two eggs, one cup sugar, one-half cup butter, well beaten. Add one teaspoon cream tartar, and one-half teaspoon soda with flour enough to mix rather thin. Bake in two round pie tins.

For the Cream or Custard—Boil a pint of milk. Beat well two eggs, one-half cup sugar, one-half cup flour, and stir into the milk when boiling. When cool add lemon or vanilla to suit the taste. Split each cake and spread thickly with the cream, then carefully replace. I hope your readers will like this as well as we do."

Commendations.

Mrs. T. says: "I am glad to see the Woman's Department and expect to be taught many useful things from it. Every housewife must collect many recipes, etc., which would greatly benefit young and inexperienced cooks, would they but take a little pains to make them known." The truth of this remark is evident, and we hope they will follow the suggestion.

In reference to the recent article by Mrs. A. L., on the rearing and management of children, Mrs. M. S. C. says: "Your correspondent, Mrs. A. L., is right. We care too much for the perishable body, forgetting the part which can never die."

Corn Cake.

Mrs. L. A. H., North Sidney, sends this receipt for corn cake: "Three cups Indian meal, one and one-half cups of flour, one egg, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, and sweet milk enough to make a stiff batter. Add a little salt. Turn into a baking pan and bake half an hour. This makes a nice breakfast cake."

To Color Slate Color.

"If you want to color a nice slate color, send to the wood pile for some yellow birch and beech bark, boil them together and set with copperas; and if you succeed as well as I do you will be satisfied. M. S. C."

A Simple Raised Cake.

"More Anon," West Auburn, contributes the following receipt for a "cheap but good" cake: "Take one coffee cup of light bread dough, add one egg, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, a little salt and nutmeg, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and raisins, if desired. Mix all together with the hand, very smooth. Let it stand half an hour and bake."

An Excellent Cough Remedy.

A subscriber sends the following, and adds that it is one of the best home remedies for a hoarse cold or cough ever tried. It is in use in numerous families who all unite in this opinion: "Take one cup of molasses, one ounce of pulverized liquorice (which can be obtained of any druggist) and a piece of alum the size of a walnut. Boil these together for ten minutes, stirring constantly to prevent scorching. After this mixture is cold add half a cup of new rum. Shake well before taking. Dose two teaspoonfuls at a time, four or five times a day."

To Bleach Beeswax.

In answer to an inquiry in a recent number of the FARMER, for whitening beeswax, a "Subscriber's Wife," East Thorndike, says: "The best way I have ever found is to make it into thin sheets and passing a string through them hang them in a window exposed to the light and sun; and when sufficiently whitened they can be melted and made into any form desired."

Household Notes.

The following are selected from various sources all of which are deemed reliable, and are severally recommended to our readers in perfect confidence:

A Good Liniment.

One of the best liniments that was ever made for man or beast is composed of equal parts of laudanum, alcohol, and oil of wormwood. Its effect is almost magical.

Glazing for Linen.

Add a teaspoonful of salt and one of finely scraped white soap to a pint of starch.

Ginger Snaps.

Put in a coffeecup one heaping teaspoonful of soda, one of ginger, and a little salt, four tablespoonfuls of melted butter, fill two-thirds full of molasses and pour in boiling water to fill the cup. Pour in a dish and mix with sufficient flour to roll out thin. Cut in small cakes and bake in a hot oven.

Glycerine and Yolk of Egg.

The Philadelphia *Journal of Pharmacy* has made known a formula for a preparation which is likely to prove valuable for external use.

Four parts, by weight, of yolk of egg are to be rubbed in a mortar with five parts of glycerine. The compound has the consistence of honey, and is unctious like fatty substances, over which it has the advantage of being easily removed by water. It is unalterable, a specimen having laid exposed

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, January 7, 1871.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.
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☞All payments made by subscribers will be credited on the yellow slips attached to their papers. The printed date in connection with the subscriber's name will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases, a valid receipt for moneys remitted by him.

☞A subscriber desiring to change the post office direction of his paper must communicate to us the *name of the office to which it has been previously sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

Collectors' Notices.

Mr. S. N. Taber will canvass the county of Waldo during the months of December and January.

Mr. V. Darling is now canvassing Lincoln county.

The Legislature of Maine.

The *Fiftieth* Legislature of Maine assembles on Wednesday, January 4th. As usual, its political complexion is decidedly republican, there being only thirty-nine democrats in the House, and three in the Senate. One of the curiosities of the House is the representation of Bangor and Lewiston by democrats. In the few questions that would naturally separate the parties, the republicans will therefore have a clear field. But the matters that will principally occupy their attention call for no drawing of party lines.

The published list of members shows that the Senate is largely composed of men of experience, while the House is quite the opposite. Twenty-two senators, out of thirty only, have had experience in former legislatures; while out of one hundred and fifty-one representatives, one hundred and three are entirely new to the business of legislation. Rotation for rotation's sake is to blame for the small number of experienced men in the popular branch. It is to be regretted that the people should look upon membership of this important branch of the State government as something to be bestowed as a compliment upon one after another aspiring citizen. They ought to select their ablest men, and then re-elect them as long as they discharge their duties satisfactorily. The fact of experience should have as much weight as it does in all kinds of private business, and should never operate as a disqualification, as it does practically now. Were two-thirds or three-quarters of the House men of experience, the public business would be done in much better shape. We do not, however, wish to be understood as rating the ability of the present House low, for we have no reason to doubt that it is fully equal to the average.

We do not apprehend that the session will be shorter than usual. There are a number of measures proposed that will be strenuously fought on both sides. A vast deal of talking will spring from proposed legislation on the schools, on the enforcement of the liquor law, on capital punishment, on the chartering of a large number of railroads, on the division of towns and counties; in these matters some very important questions are involved, and among the new members there will probably be the usual number of men who come for the sake of exhibiting their oratory, and who will sieze every opportunity for that purpose.

To give a catalogue of the wise things the legislature ought to do, and of the evils it ought to avoid, would be too great a task; but there are a few things that we cannot forbear mentioning. First and foremost, the lobby ought to be discouraged. One of the best means of effecting this is to appoint impartial committees. It is notorious that the practice of "stocking" committees has been quite prevalent, when important measures were to come before them. A good many members of every legislature have *axes to grind*, and the first step is to get themselves or their friends appointed on the right committees. This is not difficult, for the presiding officers have been accustomed to consult the members as to their preferences, and place them on committees accordingly. It thus happens that these subordinate bodies, who have much to do in determining the course of legislation, and who ought to consider the matters submitted to them in a fair and unprejudiced manner, are, to begin with, turned over to the control of those who are most interested, and whose votes are already pledged. This is all wrong. We hope the presiding officers of this legislature will inaugurate a new practice.

The pay of the Legislature is altogether insufficient. We can only account for their refusal to raise it, by believing that there is a coalition between the "demagogues" and the "dogs in the manger." We believe the interests of the State would be promoted by the substitution of biennial for the present annual sessions of the Legislature, but we hardly venture to hope that such a change will be made very soon. A reform of more pressing importance is the abolition of special legislation. A good beginning in this direction was made by the last legislature in a general law for the formation of corporations for certain purposes. But it was only a beginning. The time of the present session will be largely occupied by the discussion of bills for special legislation, to the detriment of public interests. There should be a clause in the constitution forbidding the enactment of any but general laws. Several of the States have constitutional provisions of this kind, and they not only enable their legislatures to devote their whole time to the consideration of measures and general application, but they rid the public of a corrupting lobby, that has rendered the State legislation of Pennsylvania and New York a reproach to democratic institutions, and that even in our own State has too much influence.

The New Sweden Colony. The Portland *Press* says that one day last week Mr. W. W. Thomas, Jr., of that city, the Commissioner of Swedish Immigration, was visited by four fine looking Swedes who represented to him that they belonged to a colony of Swedes that emigrated to this country about three months ago and settled in Norwich, Chenango County, N. Y. That owing to the high price of land in that locality and other disadvantages, they decided to come and visit the Maine colony, of which they had heard such flattering accounts, and if it came up to their expectations, the whole of the Norwich colony would join them at New Sweden. They had a plenty of money with them, and after receiving full directions from Mr. Thomas, left yesterday noon for the Aroostook. The colony at New Sweden now numbers ninety-six souls, of which over fifty are men, and is in a most flourishing condition.

☞The Superintendent of Schools, in his annual report to the Legislature, says the new agency of county supervision has worked admirably well, to the great satisfaction of teachers, committees and the people. It has added twenty-five per cent. to the efficiency of the teaching force, and through improved methods of instruction, better classification in the school room and an awakened interest on the part of school officers and parents, increasing perceptibly the aggregate of results in the school-room. An impression prevails that the cost of county supervision is much greater than it actually is—placing it as high as $50,000 or $75,000 annually. This is a great mistake. The entire expense for 1870 does not exceed $16,000. Commencing operations May 1st, 1869, the expenses for that year were $12,000.

☞The report of Warden Rice, of the State Prison, will show a gratifying result in the management of the financial affairs of the institution. The earnings of the past year have been $6000 in excess of the expenditures. The average number of convicts in the prison has been something larger than in 1869, but the year closes with a less number.

☞The subject of Rev. Mr. Moor's sermon, at the Winthrop street Universalist Church next Sunday evening will be, "The True Idea of the Devil."

Murder in Winthrop. On Thursday morning last an affray occurred at the Agricultural Implement works of Luther Whitman & Son, in Winthrop village, between two of the workmen, George Page, a young colored man, and Increase E. Watson, resulting in the death of the former. The following account of the fatal affray is given in the *Kennebec Journal* of Saturday morning:

"About eight o'clock Thursday morning, Page came into the part of the shop where Watson was at work, and where he had an over-sight of the work, after some firewood for the foundry. He threw out some wood towards the machine saw where he intended to saw it into the proper lengths. He took up a piece of wood that Watson had sawed out for wheelbarrow hubs, and said that would be a good piece to saw. Watson told him not to saw it, as he had saved it for wheelbarrows. Page said, "I will saw it up if I've a mind to." Watson was then engaged in sawing up some wheelbarrow stock, and Page ordered him to remove it from the saw. Watson told him repeatedly that he should not saw it up, closing with the expression—"G—d d—n you, you shan't saw it!"—slipped the belt, started off from the saw in another direction. On returning to the saw Page followed him and struck him with his fist in the back, and kicked him. Watson turned round and Page clinched him and threw him on to the saw table, both falling side by side and came off on to the floor, Page uppermost. Page was choking Watson when Mr. James Nickles, a workman in the shop, took him off. Page said, "G—d d—n him, I will give him some!" The anger of both parties then seemed to subside for a few moments, when conversation again commenced between them. Watson picked up a hardwood stick, the handle or part of the side frame of a wheelbarrow, and advanced towards Page, who seized a steel cut bar and swung it over his shoulder as though he was going to strike Watson. A Mr. Wood took it out of his hands and Page turned and struck Mr. Wood in the eye with his first. Just as Page was turning Watson struck him with the piece of hardwood, knocked him down, left him and returned to the saw. Testimony conflicts as to whether the blow was given on the top or side of the head. The workmen took hold of Page and shook him, and noticed that he breathed. They supposed he would come to again. As he did not, the other workmen in the shop were told what had happened. He lay in an unconscious state about half an hour, when he was taken to a house and Dr. A. P. Snow called. He came to in the course of an hour and conversed. He commenced to sink again about noon, and continued to sink during the afternoon, and breathed his last between six and seven o'clock.

A coroner's inquest was held on Friday and Saturday, by Wm. H. Libby, Esq., of this city, Drs. A. P. Snow and J. C. Dunham of Winthrop, made a *post mortem* examination of the body, and submitted a statement of the case to the jury, who returned a verdict that George Page came to his death by a blow on the head with a stick of wood called a wheelbarrow arm, inflicted by Increase E. Watson, causing fracture of the skull, and hemorrhage in the brain. The verdict is signed by Wm. H. Libby, Coroner, and the following jury: Levi Jones, R. T. Jones, F. H. McIntyre, Geo. A. Longfellow, Amos Wheeler, and G. P. Whiting. Watson was then arrested and placed in custody of the proper officers. It is said that no previous difficulty had ever occurred between the parties. Page was 23 years of age. He came to Winthrop several years since as a freed slave from the South, and has always borne a good character as a peaceable and law-abiding citizen. Mr. Watson, who struck the fatal blow, is well known in Winthrop, and has always been esteemed and respected.

On Monday Watson was brought before Justice Woodward in Winthrop, E. F. Pillsbury, Esq., of this city, appearing for the defense, and County Attorney Whitehouse for the government, Watson was held to answer to the charge of manslaughter, and ordered to find sureties in the sum of $5000 for his appearance at the March term of the S. J. Court. The sureties were found.

North's History of Augusta. A somewhat lengthy notice of this work having been deferred until our next issue, we desire to remind subscribers that the work is now ready for delivery at the bookstore of the publishers, Clapp & North, Water Street; and also to say to non-subscribers that after the 15th of the present month, the few remaining copies unsold—the edition being very closely limited to the number subscribed for—will be advanced in price so as to cover the expense of publishing. The work is much larger than was anticipated, and those who secure a copy at once will get it at about $1,50 less than the cost. It is a work every intelligent citizen of Augusta should possess. Price for the present, $5,00 per copy.

☞The merits of the Perkins & House non-explosive kerosene Lamp, and the severe tests to which they have been subjected by scientific men who have examined them, may be learned from a little pamphlet left at each house by the agent introducing them. So far as our experience goes, we are highly satisfied with them in every respect. The lamp gives a soft, steady light, with no flickering or flame, creates no offensive odor when burnt low, and we are satisfied consumes much less oil than the ordinary kerosene lamp, giving at the same time a better light. Mr. William Bates of Hallowell, is now selling these lamps in this city, and we ask a thorough examination of them by each person to whom they may be shown.

☞In a communication to the *Kennebec Journal* of Tuesday, Mr. Whitman, the correspondent of the *Boston Journal*, in reference to the statement furnished by him to the latter paper in regard to the extravagant expenses of the recent visit of the Governor and Council to the Blind and Deaf and Dumb Asylums, retracts that portion which charges the Council with visiting New York city at the expense of the State, and explains that the warrant drawn for $1000 covered other matters than those connected with the excursion to Boston and Hartford. We learn that the actual expense was $930.

☞Our travelling agent, S. N. Taber, writing us from Brooks, Dec. 38th, says the Belfast and Moosehead Lake R. R. is doing a brisk business in the freight line. Within three days after the track was changed 1278 bushels of potatoes and 32 tons of hay left that station for Belfast, while nearly the same amount of freight awaited transportation for which there were not sufficient cars. Nearly five tons of hay were burned on the train on Wednesday, caused by a spark from the engine.

Correction. In our sketch of Gen. Brinkerhoff's remarks on free trade, in last week's issue, the types made him say that the industries of cotton, woollen and iron manufacture only employ 160,000 persons in the whole country. It should have read 360,000 persons. Of these, 200,000 work in cotton, 90,000 in wool, and 70,000 in iron.

A Smart Old Lady. Mrs. Sophia Collins of West Farmingdale was eighty years old last May, since when she has woven 184 yards of cloth, spun 60 skeins of yarn, knit 18 pairs of stocking, 6 pairs of mittens, beside considerable sewing and some housework.

☞Mr. John Hussey of this city, who exhibited a pair of working oxen at the State Fair, which attracted considerable attention has sold them to Messrs. Flagg & Miller for the shambles. They weighed 4300 lbs. and girthed 7 feet 10 inches.

☞Sheriff Barton was sworn into office on Friday last at his residence in Benton. He is still confined to his bed by sickness, and will not probably be able to perform the active duties of his office for several months.

☞The Superintendent of Burials furnishes a list of forty-one interments in this city for the four months ending Dec. 31st, 1870. The total number of deaths and interments for the year 1870 was 114.

☞The Dirigo Base Ball Club of this city will give their fourth annual ball at Granite Hall on the evening of the 12th of January. Gee & Harnden's quadrille band of Portland will furnish the music for the occession.

How the Indians are Treated. Mr. Wm. Welsh, of Philadelphia, one of the Indian Peace Commissioners, whose recent report disclosed some of the ways in which the poor Indians are robbed, has published a letter to Geo. H. Stuart, in which he tells what Friend J. D. Lang of Vassalboro', observed in his recent visit to the Southern Indians in his capacity of Commissioner. He says:

"Although frauds in Indian affairs were very great in the region I traversed, yet Mr. Lang discovered still greater frauds in the Southern Indian Territory, from which he has just returned. Texas oxen weighing 934 pounds, roached for and paid for at 1,200 pounds, fell under my observation; but Mr. Lang saw such certified at 1,300 pounds each. He also witnessed the payment of $90,000 to the Quapaw Indians by a clerk of the Interior Department, one-third of the sum, say $30,000 being taken by a Gen. Blunt, on the plea that he had procured the legislation at much cost of time and money. These and other iniquities will be revealed by the Appropriation Committee of the House of Representatives, as it is charged by a resolution with the investigation of these and other wrongs. The President of the United States desired that Committee to search the affairs thoroughly, and not to screen any guilty party, whether in a high or low office."

The following extracts of a letter from Friend Lang, addressed to F. R. Brunot, chairman of the Board of Indian Commissioners, under date of Nov. 22d, in which the above and other matters connected with his mission are explained at length, will be interesting to our readers:

Vassalboro, 11th Month, 22d, 1870.

Esteemed Friend:—F. R. Brunot, Chairman:—I received thy kind letter of the 14th inst., and having noted its contents will say in reply, that I was present at the payment to the Creeks last month, agreeable to Secretary Cox's request, and take pleasure in saying that it was conducted in an orderly manner and in the spirit and according to the letter of the Secretary's written instructions to Paymaster Williamson. No allowance was made for outside agents, although demanded by persons who claimed one-third of the $100,000 (to be paid to the Creeks) as fees for their services as attorneys, or agents. Each Indian, whose claim was substantiated, received the amount due him direct from Williamson, and then handed to another person to re-count for the Indian's benefit and to ensure its correctness; and this course was pursued until the whole roll (except a few absentees to be called next morning) was paid out, which took place sixth day, (Friday).

I left in the afternoon for Fort Gibson, to take the early stage from there to the Ottawas. In order to spend the Sabbath with them, I rode day and night, and arrived there early first day morning and attended the meeting for religious worship, which was conducted by them in an orderly and christian manner. I also attended the funeral of the wife of a young Indian man, who in his boyhood acted as my interpreter when the regular inspecter was absent, during my former visit in 1842. He was much respected, and is a worthy and good business man. The attendance at the burial was large; it was conducted very much after the usage of their white neighbors. Several Indian men and women from the Wyandotte, Seneca and other tribes were present; much affectionate and tender feeling was openly manifested, showing respect for the husband and for the deceased, who was beloved by all.

I had a favorable opportunity, in the few days I spent with the tribe, of learning their character and business habits. I believe them to be improving—anxious for the schooling of their children, for the improvement of their farms, and for providing good houses and other buildings. A good and well finished schoolhouse was built last year by the younger men of the tribe, in which is a school supported by the benevolence of some Philadelphia friends.

Having visited many of the tribe, I met, by request, several of their principal men and chiefs in council, and heard their grievances and complaints for want of funds for schools, &c. I believe them deserving the attention of the benevolent.

I went from this tribe to the neighborhood of the Quapaws and the agency where $90,000 was to be paid to them—to the Senecas, the Shawnees, &c., and soon found there was to be trouble. I telegraphed to Lawrence for Superintendent Hoag to come immediately, which he did. We learned there was a demand for $30,000—one-third of the amount due these small tribes. I had previously ascertained that these Indians were very poor and needy, more so than any I had before seen, and needed every dollar to pay for provisions to support life. The claim agent was called Gen. Blunt; he pressed his claim for services as attorney, or agent, for $30,000 of the $90,000—(only 33⅓ per ct.) I could not as a commissioner, respect the claim, and requested a suspension till advice could be had from the authorities at Washington. If the matter had been in the hands of E. Hoag and myself, we would have suspended payment—this was our united and expressed sentiment. We were informed by Paymaster Williamson, and Blunt, I think, repeated the same—that the authorities at Washington knew all about the transaction; hence I could do nothing further, as I had not received the special instructions from the Secretary, which I understood were to have been sent to me in care of the Postmaster at St. Louis, and which I had called for. I had called at the Secretary's office in Washington, in his absence, and no copy of instructions could be found by the clerks; this gave me no small embarrassment. To return to Blunt—before the payment commenced, he called the attention of the Indians and others present, and made a speech which reflected hard upon our government, and at the same time attempted to prove that no one but himself could have carried the matter through and obtained this honest debt for the Indians—that the $30,000 could not give him much, as he had already paid out $3,000 and expected to be called upon for $10,000 more—(to whom was this paid and to be paid?) and besides he was bondsman to the amount of $100,000 for the faithful performance of these payments.

Paymaster Williamson informed Supt. Hoag and myself, and perhaps the two Friends present, that his verbal instructions from Secretary Cox were, to pay the money into the hands of the Indians, even if they cast it into the Arkansas river, or disposed of it in any other way; and under these circumstances he manifested his willingness to go on with the payment. I witnessed the commencement and saw that the money was being placed in the hands of the Indians, as among the Creeks; but it was being re-counted by the Indian sub-agent (Mitchell, I think,) while Blunt, sitting at the same table, appeared to be taking his pretended claim of one-third of the poor Indian's money for his services in Washington, etc. I have omitted mentioning that Blunt produced a printed power of attorney signed by the Indians individually, by cross or otherwise, and witnessed by the above government sub-agent. My mind was so disturbed at the course determined on to be pursued, that I did not remain long, feeling it best to keep my hands clear from any further part in it; and I still continue to feel so since my return home.

I have endeavored to give a just and true account, so far as my memory serves me; and while Supt. Hoag and myself agreed fully in sentiment; we could not in *conscience* respect the claim agent's demand, or believe it right; for we consider, that so long as the Indians are the wards of the government, receiving its fostering care and provided with its means, they have no right to waste the appropriations granted them by Congress—in bargaining or paying such exorbitant fees to selfish agents—without the consent of those who have immediate charge of their affairs, and are to a certain extent their guardians. If such claims are allowed, there will be a legion of leeches, stimulated by this man's success, crowding around the poor cheated Indian, eager to become agents for him, that they may fatten on his spoils, and become as bloated with ill-gotten gains as many of their predecessors have been. (The scramble has already commenced). They will rob the red man of his annuities, his hunting grounds, his houses, lands and furs—all in the name of the government, until the latter will resemble the man described by the poet:

"With one hand, he dropped
A penny in the urn of poverty,
And with the other took a shilling out."

Congress and tax-payers, disgusted, will then cut off all appropriations.

Those who are well acquainted with the Indian character know that he is no match for the overreaching dishonesty and cupidity of the selfish white man; and the object, as I understand it, for which the commissioners were appointed, was to warn the former of the insidious measures of the latter, assist in extricating him from their snares and advancing him towards that civilization which, I trust, is in store for him.

☞The funeral of Col. Samuel A. Dana, U. S. A., son-in-law of Hon. R. D. Rice, of this city, who died in San Francisco last September, took place in New York on Friday last, and the remains have been brought to this city for burial.

☞We have received from the publishers, E. E. Patterson, 144 Water street, Augusta, an original song and chorus entitled "Unknown," the words by Moses Owen and music by J. T. Patterson. It is dedicated by the composer to Gen. T. N. Hyde of Bath.

Organization of the Legislature.

The Fiftieth session of our State Legislature commenced on Wednesday, and was promptly and harmoniously organized by the choice of the following officers: For President of the Senate, Charles Buffum of Penobscot; Secretary, Samuel W. Lane of Augusta; Assistant Secretary, Herbert M. Heath of Gardiner. John Marriner of Cape Elizabeth, was elected Messenger, and James H. Banks of Freeport, was elected Assistant Messenger. Mr. Buffum, the President of this branch, is a gentleman fifty years of age, and is engaged in the lumbering business in Orono. He received his education at Kent's Hill Seminary. He was a member of the Senate last winter. For Speaker of the House, Edwin B. Smith of Saco was elected; Clerk, Sumner J. Chadbourne of Dixmont; Assistant Clerk, Z. A. Smith, of the Skowhegan *Reporter*. J. B. Walker of Turner, was elected Messenger; D. C. Lombard of Bath, First Assistant Messenger; Lyman Lyman B. Kimball of Mt. Vernon, Second Assistant Messenger. Speaker Smith is thirty-seven years of age, and a graduate of Bowdoin College of the class of 1856. He is a lawyer by profession, and was a member of the House last winter.

Both officers in accepting their positions, gracefully returned their acknowledgements for the honors conferred.

A resolve passed the Senate providing that the commission appointed by the Governor and Council under the resolves approved March 24th, 1870, to investigate all matters in relation to credits allowed on the quotas of towns by the State and general government for men not actually put into the service, be authorized under all the powers given to them in said resolves to complete the service for which they were appointed, and limiting the time to two weeks for the commissioners to report.

This resolve was passed in consequence of the commissioners awaiting the arrival of important documents from Washington before they could report. It is expected that the commissioners will make their report to the legislature next week.

Hon. Abraham Sanborn of the commission has resigned. Being a member of the House it was incompatible for him to hold the position any longer.

Mr. Morris of Cumberland introduced an order which was laid on the table and ordered to be printed, requesting the Justices of the Supreme Judicial Court to give their opinions as to whether the consolidation of the P. & K. and Maine Central railroads was in accordance with the laws of the State, May 12th, 1870, when the lease of the former road was effected.

The same senator presented a resolve providing for several important amendments to the constitution, which was ordered to be printed.

On Thursday Gov. Perham will be formally inducted into office as Chief Magistrate of the State, and will deliver his inaugural address. We are able to give in advance a few brief points of the address.

He begins by alluding to the condition of the country, stating that we have cause for congratulation in its general prosperity. The financial condition of our State treasury shows that our receipts during the past year have been $4,924,164.12; our expenditures, $5,041,846.64. Our public debt is $8,067,900. Of this debt $840,000 becomes due the present year, $567,000 of which is payable in gold or its equivalent. To pay this we have the sinking fund of 1865, amounting to $1,178,677.61. This will pay the debt becoming due, and leave a balance of the sinking fund in the treasury of about $281,677.61. The sinking fund of 1863 amounts to $82,048.55. The trust funds held by the State, including the sinking funds, amount to $2,017,043.08; exclusive of sinking fund, $746,316.92. The people of the State expect and will require at our hands the most rigid economy in all our expenditures.

He urges the continuance of aid to our disabled soldiers and the widows and orphans of those who lost their lives in the rebellion. The disbursements for this purpose have fallen off from $106,000 in 1867, to about one-fourth of that sum in 1870. The Adjutant General is of the opinion that the appropriation for this purpose may be reduced from $40,000 to $35,000.

Our educational interests are commended for careful consideration.

He makes several important suggestions respecting the wants and needs of our agricultural college, and says that it is our duty to give that institution our fostering care.

Temperance and prohibition are discussed, and after setting forth their principles he believes it is the duty of the State to enact and enforce, and of all good citizens to obey and maintain such laws as will most effectually prevent the traffic. The present law he considers as effective. Whether any further legislation in regard to the law or its execution is necessary or expedient, is for the legislature to determine.

Population and emigration occasioned by the taking of the census is referred to, while our natural advantages are noticed.

He sees no reason why the agricultural operations of Maine may not be very largely and profitably increased.

Our water power and manufactures, protection to industry, railroads, immigration, our shipping interests, biennial elections and sessions of the legislature, our jail system, fisheries, industrial school for girls, also form the remaining topics of which he treats.

In conclusion he pledges his earnest co-operation in all measures calculated to promote the prosperity of the State, and happiness of the people.

The political complexion of the legislature is as follows: In the Senate there are three Democrats to twenty-eight Republicans, while in the House we find thirty-nine Democrats to one hundred and twelve Republicans.

We learn that only one seat in the House is to be contested, that of Moses Foster, Republican, whose certificate of election is claimed by Maj. G. A. Hastings, Democrat.

The Senate is largely made up of members who have had former legislative service, twenty-two of the thirty-one being old members.

Both branches contain several well-known and influential gentlemen. Among the most noted we find in the Senate Samuel F. Perley of Naples, well known as a prominent agriculturist, Daniel Holland of Lewiston, David Dudley of Presque Isle, Chas. J. Morris of Portland, Reuben Foster of Waterville, Thomas P. Cleaves of Brownfield, John G. Mayo of Dover and Charles Buffum of Orono.

The House, however, contains the largest number of celebrities, among which we find F. A. Pike of Calais, and Isaac Reed of Waldoboro', both of whom have held seats in Congress, Wm. T. Johnson of this city, who in years gone by wielded the speaker's gavel, Daniel Stickney, editor of the Presque Isle *Sunrise*, and the only editor in either branch, Frederic Robie of Portland, one of the publishers of the *Press*, W. P. Harriman of Belfast, Marshal Cram of Brunswick, Abraham Sanborn of Bangor, Daniel K. Hobart of Dennysville, Geo. P. Sewall of Oldtown, and several others whose names are familiar.

The session promises to be one of only ordinary interest, as but few matters of special importance, so far as we can learn, will come up for consideration. There appears to be an impression that the session will be one of the shortest on record, not extending over a period of six or seven weeks.

The first proposition of any importance to be disposed of will be the election of a United States Senator for six years from March next, which will undoubtedly result in the return of Senator Morrill, our distinguished fellow citizen. The caucus to place in nomination a candidate will take place Thursday evening of the present week, and the election will take place under a law of Congress on the second Wednesday of the session, which will be Wednesday of next week.

It will fall upon the legislature to make a new apportionment of the State for Congressmen, Councillors, and members of the legislature for the next decade. The constitution requires that our one hundred and fifty-one representatives shall be apportioned among the several counties, as near as may be, according to the number of inhabitants, having regard to the relative increase of population, and that our thirty-one senators shall be apportioned as near as may be without disturbing county lines, and having regard to the per centage of growth the past decade. In this redistricting of the State several towns and counties will lose in their representation, while there will be a corresponding gain in others. There may be a slight change in the make up of some of the Councillor districts. The appointment of Congressmen will depend upon the action Congress takes in the proposition now pending to increase the number of members in the national legislature.

There is some talk of doing away with the Councillor system, which we hear is an annual expense of from $5,000 to $8,000, and having a State Auditor. This proposition is increasing in favor. Our Councillor system has come down to us from colonial times, and is regarded as an unnecessary appendage to the State government.

An effort will be made to have the constitution amended so as to make the sessions hereafter biennial.

There will be quite a number of propositions offered for authority to either build new lines of railroad, or for the extension and connection of present roads already constructed.

The friends of progressive education will make a fresh effort to secure such measures as they consider needful to elevate and improve our educational interests. They will ask for a State tax of one mill upon taxable property to be apportioned to the cities and towns, according to actual school attendance; also that children between the ages of seven and fourteen, be required to attend either a public or private school; and also that the employment of teachers be transferred from district agents to town committees.

Several applications will be made to incorporate new manufacturing companies and savings institutions; while efforts will be made to divide or annex certain towns; to overhaul our present defective jail system; to enact a modified constabulary law; to abolish the death penalty; to grant the right of female suffrage, and to promote our varied industrial and practical interests.

Several important reports of special commissions will be presented, among which are those on the investigation of alleged paper credit frauds, and revision of the public laws. Interesting reports will be made by the Fish Commissioners, and the Commissioners on Scandinavian Immigration.

During the session we shall endeavor to present our readers with a carefully prepared digest of the most important debates and doings in both branches.

The Insane Hospital. The annual reports of the Trustees and Superintendents of the Maine Insane Asylum gives a very satisfactory exhibit of the affairs of this institution. The Trustees express the utmost confidence in its management, and in the condition and treatment of the patients. They recommend the erection of a chapel in the rear of the main hospital building, and connected with it by a covered way, and think that $25,000 would be sufficient for carrying the proposition into effect.

The Superintendent of the hospital, Dr. Henry M. Harlow, makes his twentieth annual report. The year has been one of general prosperity. There were remaining in the hospital December 1, 1869, 337 patients—158 males, and 179 females 66 males and 66 females have since been admitted and 54 males and 64 females discharged, leaving in the hospital on the 30th of November, 345 patients—166 males, and 179 females. The condition of the discharged appeared to be as follows: recovered, 48; improved, 19; unimproved, 18; and 18 males and 19 females have died.

Forty-two of the patients are supported entirely by the State: two hundred and fifty-two being in indigent circumstances receive State aid of one dollar and fifty cents per week towards their support and fifty either pay their own bills, or are supported by their friends.

The Superintendent closes his report with a brief review of what the institution has done for the insane of the State. The inception of the hospital commenced about the year 1835, when the first appropriation was made, which with the private munificence of the late Hon. Reuel Williams and the late Benj. Brown, Esq., laid the foundations of the noble structure.

Since the opening of the Hospital in October 1840, 3,639 patients have enjoyed its benefits. 3,294 have been discharged, of whom, 1,489 recovered, 636 improved, 554 unimproved, and 615 have died.

There has been appropriated from the State Treasury for the insane, directly and indirectly since the inception of the hospital, 35 years ago, the sum of $762,926.69. Since 1840, the hospital has nearly quadrupled in size. Four large wings, three stories high, have been erected. The farm has been increased from sixty to three hundred acres. The receipts and disbursements have increased from seven or eight thousand to nearly one hundred thousand dollars per annum.

Dr. Harlow says it may be supposed that the Hospital as now provided will be sufficient for all the wants of the State in this direction for many years to come, but such will not prove to be the fact. The Hospital as now constructed is capable of accommodating three hundred and fifty patients without crowding, and the present number in the institution, three hundred and forty-five, shows plainly that more room will soon be needed. The Hospital is now as large as one institution of the kind ought to be and a new one in some other part of the State, he seems to think, will soon be needed. There are in the State between twelve and fifteen hundred insane persons who need the care and comfort of an Asylum, and there are only about out one-third of that number for whom provision is made. Hence the importance of some immediate action. The Superintendent speaks in high terms of the courtesy and kindness of his associates.

From the report of Wm. E. Leighton, Esq., the Steward and Treasurer, we learn that the finances of the Institution are in a most satisfactory condition, as shown by the following:

Expenditures,	$91,149.28
Receipts,	88,272.82
Balance due the Treasurer,	$2,876.36

There are $20,305.68 due the hospital, and $5,871.65 debts against it. The products of the farm amounted to $8,143, and the stock, tools, furniture and fixtures belonging to it are valued at $46,038.31.

Riot on the Northern Pacific. A despatch from St. Paul, Minn., Dec. 28th, states that a serious riot is in progress on the Northern Pacific Railroad. Some sub-contractors, who were given a contract of three miles of the road, drew their pay from the contractor and absconded without paying the men, who, on hearing of it, tore down the shanties, seized the wagons and stores, and drove the General Superintendent from the ground.

They were told that they would be paid for their work, but they also demanded pay for three days of riot. This was refused, and on the request of the Governor, Gen. Hancock has sent orders to Fort Ripley for troops to quell the riot. It is proposed to arrest the ringleaders, and pay off and discharge the rest of the men.

☞Rev. Albert Barnes, D. D. The well known author of the Scripture commentary entitled "Barnes' Notes," died in Philadelphia, on Saturday 24th ult., at the age of 72 years. He graduated at Hamilton College in 1820, and was settled over the Presbyterian church at Morristown, New Jersey, in 1825. In 1830 he was installed as pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Philadelphia, which position he held until his death. During the last years of his life he was totally blind, having overtasked his eyes by his literary labors. On Saturday he was visiting a parishioner, apparently in ordinary health, when he suddenly threw back his head and died.

☞Mr. James T. Fields, the head of the eminent Boston publishing firm with which he has been connected twenty-seven years, retires from the firm of Fields, Osgood & Co., at the close of the present year. The new firm name will be James R. Osgood & Co., the partners being Messrs. Osgood & B. H. Ticknor. Mr. Fields will retain the editorship of the Atlantic Monthly.

Items of Maine News.

Gov. Chamberlain and State Treasurer Caldwell burnt up $265,600 worth of Maine bonds of Municipal War loan issue in the Treasurer's office on Wednesday, and so hot a fire did it make that the chimney took fire, but the flames was quickly extinguished.

On Monday morning the passenger depot at Vassalboro' was discovered to be on fire near the chimney on the roof. The fire was extinguished by Mr. Geo. Graves, station master, without serious damage to the building.

Mrs. Hannah Higgins, of Belmont, a widow lady living alone, was found dead in her bed on Tuesday. Coroner Poor of Belfast, held an inquest, and found that she died from natural causes.

The Unitarian and Universalist church in Calais, now handsomely remodeled, was rededicated Wednesday night. Rev. Messrs. Philbrook and Nowell of Calais, and Crafts of Eastport, conducted appropriate services.

The friends of the Maine Central Institute at Pittsfield, have met with unusual success in raising funds to finish the building and place the institution on a permanent basis. Ex-Governor Coburn recently made a donation of $500.

The Gardiner *Reporter* says the New York, Boston & Kennebec Ice Co. are the first to ship ice this winter from this State. They are now loading a vessel at their wharves at Bremen with ice which they have cut from a pond in that town.

Vassalboro' woollen mills are running on full time and turning out some very nice blue and black finished goods which meet with a ready sale. Also a one set mill owned by J. D. Lang, Esq., and leased by S. Williams & Co., formerly of Lewiston, which are supplying this region of country with a superior grade of water-proof cloaking.

Mr. Geo. Holgdon of Embden, aged about 23 years, was found dead in the woods on Friday last. He had been on a fox hunt and absent from home two nights. His faithful hound remained by him and howled so mournfully, that it attracted attention at last, and his friends went in pursuit. George was found sitting on the edge of a bank or gutter, leaning or resting on his left arm, dead, from what was probably heart disease. His dog had trodden a circle around him and kept up a howl until relief came. Up to the burial the dog refused to eat.

The Kennebec *Journal* says the other day, as Henry Stackpole, a young man 19 years of age, was skating on China Lake, he broke in near the middle of the lake, and came very near being drowned. He was fortunately rescued by Albert Bond, who heard his cry of distress from his house on the east side of the lake. He took some boards, and after going as near to him as the ice would admit, he laid down one of the boards and creeping out on it pushed another along so that young Stackpole could get hold of the further end. By working himself back slowly and very carefully, Mr. Bond pulled the young man out on to the ice, and with the aid of a Mr. Ward he was taken safely to the land. He was in the water about thirty minutes, and in his efforts to keep himself up he tore his pants to shreds, lost one of his skates, boots, mittens, &c., and was about exhausted when rescued.

Jasper Blodgett, a carpenter employed by the New York, Boston and Kennebec Ice Co., on their new buildings in Pittston, fell from the roof to the ground, on Wednesday, a distance of thirty feet, causing a comminuted compound fracture of the elbow, and it is thought injuring him internally. He will probably not live. He has a wife and seven children living in East Pittston.

Peter Daley of Portland, and Lawrence Murry of Boston, have been arrested for knocking down and robbing Mr. Patrick McGlinchy on Thursday night last, of $500 and a watch. A part of the money was found on Murry, who was on his way to Boston, and he told where to find the rest, and implicates Daley.

In Bangor Mr. Rice King of Bradford, while attending a concert at Norembega Hall on Monday evening last; and waiting in the vestibule, stood with his back to the stair railing, when his feet slipped, by reason of snow on his boots, and he fell backward to the lower floor, a distance of twenty feet, rupturing a blood vessel and causing instant death. He was about sixty years of age.

The Bath *Times* says a large and vicious rat, which had troubled an establishment in that city, upon being caught in a trap, was doomed to the tender mercies of a noted rat-terrier. The dog was brought—the cage was opened and the combat deepened. We will only say that that rat is still at large enjoying the holidays, having whipped that dog, four broomsticks, eighteen brickbats, and two small boys, very easily.

We learn from the Anson *Advocate*, that Lemuel R. Welch of that village, committed suicide by shooting himself through the heart on Monday last. No cause is assigned.

Limerick Academy in Limerick was destroyed by fire Thursday by means of a defect in the chimney near the steeple. The building had recently been extensively repaired. Loss over $2000. There was a school of 80 students in attendance this term, and its loss will be much felt in that locality. The citizens of Limerick have already raised $4000 towards the erection of a new and beautiful academy building.

We learn from the Kennebec *Journal* that Mrs. Polly Newell of Winslow, aged 80 years, was found dead in her bed Thursday morning, terribly burned. She probably suffered death from burning and suffocation.

The *Press* says that the schooner Elizabeth, of Rockland, arrived at Portland, Sunday afternoon, in twenty-one days from New York. She is loaded with corn, on which the insurance has been collected, the vessel had been given up for lost. The vessel is much shattered, and the crew have suffered severely. At her collision with the Chase, mentioned last week, she broke her mainboom, stove bulwarks on both sides, lost her boat and sprung aleak. She had to keep the pumps constantly going to keep her free. She had only half a barrel of water for nineteen days, the balance having been lost.

The following patents have been issued to Maine citizens: G. A. Barrow, Pembroke, Coffee Pot Strainer; W. R. Close, Bangor, Tidal Motive Power; P. D. Cumming, Portland, Machine for Grooving Blocks for wood pavements. Reissue—J. W. Stockwell, Portland, Water Pipe Machine.

The Portland *Press* says that Lucheus Varney was severely injured by a large log rolling over him while at work at the West Branch on the 26th inst. His spine was injured to such an extent as to produce absolute paralysis of one leg, but he will probably recover. Mr. Varney has driven a logging team in the woods eight winters. He lives in Bowdoinham and reached home on Wednesday.

The Gardiner *Reporter* says that the new and fine church recently erected by the Methodists and Baptists at King's Mills, Whitefield, was dedicated by appropriate services on Thursday of last week.

Hon. Charles Danforth, who has successfully served for the past seven years, as one of the Justices of the Supreme Court, has been re-appointed and confirmed to the same position.

The Oxford *Register* says that it is stated that the Shaker Society

Foreign News.

THE WAR IN EUROPE.

The Battle of the 18th--A Prussian Victory.

London, Dec. 28. An account of the battle on the 18th from a French source, says that the force opposed to the Prussians numbered 19,000 and had three batteries of artillery. The combat lasted all day, and at evening the French retreated in an orderly manner about a thousand yards. The new levies fought like veterans. The Prussians abandoned Nuits on the morning of the 19th, but subsequently returned and reoccupied the place. The French lost 1200 in killed and wounded, and claimed that the enemy lost 5000.

The Prussian Force and Losses.

The total effective force of the German armies now in France is set down in round numbers at 600,000, half of which is now before Paris. Ten thousand are on the sick list.

It is estimated that 30,000 Germans have been killed or disabled since the beginning of the war. Garrison duty in Prussia has been intrusted to the volunteers, who by reason of being under or over age, or having served their terms, are not liable to military duty.

Conduct of the Germans at Orleans.

There is great excitement here at the conduct of the Germans at Orleans, who subjected Bishop Dupanloup to the greatest indignities. It is reported that Monseigneur addressed a pastoral to the clergy, invoking the vengeance of heaven upon the barbarians, who, while the cathedral was filled with thousands of French prisoners, left without bread or fuel, caused the organ to be played in derision of their sufferings. A priest, wearing the dress of a member of the International Aid Society, was wounded while attending dying soldiers He had his head laid open by a sabre cut. Another priest was shot for refusing to give information relative to the French army.

Bordeaux, Dec. 27. A dispatch from Poitiers, of the 25th, says 10,000 Prussians, with artillery, occupy Blois, and have indiscriminately pillaged both public and private houses. There are 20,000 Prussians at Orleans, which city has also been pillaged. The Prussian officers and men are all engaged in the work of plunder.

The Public Sentiment in France.

London, Dec. 27. The Count de Chandowidy, minister delegate for foreign affairs, in an interview at Bordeaux on the 22d, said:

"No Ministry or Constituent Assembly or Government could for a moment treat for peace under the conditions now imposed by the Prussian Government. There is scarcely a man in France but laments the war, yet scarcely one willing to allow the Government to give up territory. I have great hopes that the Prussians will soon be driven out of France. The present Government is not fighting for political motives, but for honorable peace. The Government is obliged to restrain rather than excite patriotism. We need arms and artillery, but we have offers of more than we want from England alone." In regard to the position of England, the Count said: "England has not raised herself in the scale of nations by her recent action on continental matters. She is now committing the same mistake that France committed in '66. In order to have her neighbor chastised, she has allowed her to be humiliated beyond endurance, and even allowed her territory to be violated. There are other means besides drawing the sword by which a great power like England can make her influence felt. Those means she neglected to use, and now finds herself insulted by Russia. The delays in the meeting of the proposed Congress only give Russia time to make her preparations surer in the coming spring. Prompt action would have been England's true policy, and with Austria ready to join her the moral and material support of England would clear France of invaders in a fortnight, and show the rest of Europe that there is a limit which the most powerful armies must not pass. Such an alliance would be approved by the civilized world, for it would prove that this was not an alliance of conquest. France is now struggling for existence. If she is crushed England will feel the loss more than any country. England cannot dream of the consequence if she should allow France to be exterminated. Russia will then do what she pleases in the East and Prussia in the West. England, without a single ally, will cease to belong to the family of European nations, and will be reduced to a third class power.

Opening of the Bombardment of Paris.

London, Dec. 27.—Evening. The bombardment of Paris was opened this (Tuesday) morning at sunrise, and was continued throughout the day. From the Saxon side shells of immense dimensions were thrown from the largest siege mortars into Fort Avron. The fort replied promptly, and kept up a steady fire all day. The city has not been touched as yet, but the bombardment is expected to become general before daylight to-morrow morning, when it will be impossible for the city to escape further.

Dispatches from Versailles announce great activity among the German troops, and it is generally conceded that the bombardment of the city of Paris has finally begun in earnest.

Intense Excitement at Havre--A Battle in Progress.

London, Dec. 28. There is intense excitement at Havre consequent upon the battle that has been going on in the neighborhood of the city since the 20th, and is still undecided.

The first important struggle between the French troops in this Department and the Prussians, occurred on Saturday morning at daybreak.

Havre, Dec. 26. [Special to New York *Herald*.] Since Saturday evening the city has been intensely excited over the first important struggle between the French troops in this Department and the Prussians, which occurred on Saturday morning at daybreak. After a number of petty engagements and skirmishes with the Uhlans and Saxons the people became clamorous for a grand sortie. Accordingly, the 18th, 19th and 20th battalions, forming a column of 5000 men, pressed forward from Harfleur, and a force consisting of 3500 Mobiles, 8000 Tireurs, 1 battery of regular artillery, 12 field pieces, 2 mitrailleurs and 4 Armstrong guns. This small army was under the command of Col. Mocmanard. The troops were in the best state of discipline yet known, and were prepared for reconnoisance in force by daybreak.

The 24th was one of the coldest days this winter, and on this day the half frozen French outposts were driven in by the sudden appearance of Prussian cavalry in large numbers, moving on Chateau Montlivet at a rapid pace. An alarm was sounded and the troops soon formed into a creditable line, the artillery pushing forward on the right wing. The French behaved well, handling their artillery and ammunition with great alacrity, and soon prepared for an attack.

At half-past seven the battle began by an impetuous advance of Prussian cavalry, 1500 strong, preceded by a battery of artillery. They were received by the French artillery, which opened a furious cannonade, the smoke rising on the cold morning air and making it hot work for the intrepid assailants. It soon became apparent that the French guns were well placed and splendidly worked, but not sufficiently supported.

The warm fire created a temporary demoralization among the Germans, whose lines wavered, but they kept up their fire. Three advances were made by the Prussians to capture the French batteries, but they were each compelled to retire. This unsuccessful fight lasted two hours, and twenty rounds were fired by the French, while the Germans fired twenty-five. Then a large body of Prussian infantry, preceded by a line of cavalry, appeared on the road from Freamp, coming to support the enemy.

A council of war was held on the battle-field, in which the Germans determined to fall back on Harfleur. The French now occupied the hight commanding Bolbic with artillery, which could have easily destroyed the German forces. Looking down from this hight, in the direction of the northeast, was the beautiful valley of Lillebourne, and on the opposite hill, but lower and on the plains, stood the Prussians.

To attack the French position it was necessary for the Prussians to descend the plain, then to cross a petty stream and then ascend the opposite bank about 150 feet. The Prussians hesitated to make the attempt and at the same time were exposed to a destructive fire from the French, while from their position their own fire was ineffective.

Soon, however, fresh Prussian artillery appeared to the right of the French position and the fire from these guns caused the Mobiles to break in confusion, and the French force commenced to retreat immediately, amid some confusion. The Prussian line made an attempt to follow up their advantage, but the movement was made difficult by the nature of the ground. Nevertheless they captured about 200 prisoners.

Thus ended the expedition intended to accomplish the occupation of Yuetal an i the capture of 16,000 Prussians and the artillery and infantry stationed at that point. The Prussian loss was about 600 killed, and the French under 200. Since the fight the Prussian forces have again fallen back.

Cold Weather.

Bordeaux, Dec. 28. Gen. Faidherbe, in a dispatch to the Minister of War, announces that owing to the intense coldness of the weather he will encamp his troops near Arras, and await the prosecution of a general movement throughout France for the relief of Paris.

The weather in Southern France is intensely cold.

Alleged Prussian Excesses.

The Prussians cannonaded the town of St. Calais, on the 25th, and then entered the place, where they committed many disorders. Gen. Chausey sent a formal protest to the Prussian General, and subsequently issued an order of the day to his troops, in which he says: "I have warned the Prussians against the further perpetration of such horrible actions as they have committed against unarmed places and people who merit better treatment from the enemy, because of their extreme humanity to the Prussian sick and wounded." The General adds: "It is evident that France is not combating loyal enemies, but devastating hordes, but she will continue to struggle to preserve her honor and independence."

Later from Paris.

London, Dec. 29. Advices from Paris by balloon have been received down to 4 A. M. Tuesday, the 27th. The citizens and soldiers were in excellent spirits, and were still determined on a vigorous defence. The intensely cold weather had suspended military operations in good part. Preparations were however making on a large scale, and important results are looked for. These preparations had imbued the inhabitand with increased confidence.

A Saxon battalion had been dislodged at Maison Blanch.

A dispatch from Strasbourg announces that the Germans had stormed the French fortress at Belfort twice recently, and in both cases were repulsed with considerable loss.

The Prussians have evacuated the left bank of the Seine.

Attempted Assassination of Gen. Prim.

Madrid, Dec. 28. Last night as Gen. Prim was leaving the Cortes, eight shots were fired at his carriage by a band in the street. Prim was wounded in three places, in the left arm and on the right haud. No arrests were made.

Prussia Apologizes to England.

London, Dec. 29. Earl Granville has received a dispatch from the Prussian Government at Berlin, apologizing for the outrage on the English vessels in the Seine, and stating that pecuniary indemnity will be given if demanded, and announcing that the military commander who was guilty of the outrage had been courtmartialed and dismissed from the service.

The French Campaign in the East.

Bordeaux, Dec. 29. Garibaldi's advance guard entered Dijon this morning. This is the first result of the campaign undertaken in the East by the orders of the War Department, and which was hastened by the exertions of Gambetta at Lyons. The entire population of the Eastern Departments are fully roused by the urgency of the situation, and assist the troops to the utmost in all the battles and skirmishes. The Government is taking measures for the distribution of arms among the people everywhere. Gambetta arrived to-day from Lyons.

The Bombardment of Fort Avron.

Berlin, Dec. 29. The provincial correspondence says that the bombardment of Mount Avron may be considered as an introduction to the general shelling of Paris, as its capture will greatly facilitate operations against the French capital.

Active Preparations at Bordeaux.

Bordeaux, Dec. 29—Evening. The presence of Gambetta has given great impetus to military preparations. Troops are rapidly going forward to the armies in the field. Many were sent hence to-day who just arrived from the South of France. Cannon of a new pattern and small arms, as well as ammunition, have lately been sent to the front. At the earnest request of Gambetta, no public reception was tendered him on his arrival. An effort was made to have him accept an ovation on New Years, but he firmly declined.

Gen. Bourbaki's Army is now marching to the eastward. The General has been charged with an commission to cut the Prussian lines of communcation in all directions in quarter. General Chauzy has sent a strong column to Montoire, driving the Prussians out of the place and taking many prisoners.

Another French Defeat--Mt. Avron Occupied.

Versailles, Dec. 29. The Prussian 12th Corps has occupied Mont Avron, after one day's bombardment. The French in their retreat left behind their dead, and many gun carriages and rifles.

Proposed Operations of the French Troops

London, Dec. 30. Thiers estimates the entire number of French troops at 750,000. Bourbaki's command is charged especially with the duty of revictualling Paris, and has already on hand a vast amount of live stock and provisions for this purpose at the proper moment.

This army will make a desperate effort to join Chauzy's forces and reunite the Army of the Loire, which will then with great energy push on for Paris. Paladine's reverses are now charged to the meddling of politicians, who persuaded Gambetta to intefere with his military operations.

Grand Prussian Concentration at Versailles.

Dispatches from Versailles state that a general evacuation of the department east of Paris occupied by German troops still continues. It is thought that this is being done in order to concentrate the Prussian strength in and around Versailles.

Spain--Death of Gen. Prim.

Madrid, Dec. 30—Gen. Prim died at 9 o'clock last night. The event produced a profound sensation of grief, and everywhere great indignation is manifested against his assassins.

Aosta landed at Carthagena on Friday. He was received with enthusiasm by the people and departed soon afterwards for Madrid.

The Surrender of Fort Mont Avron.

Bordeaux, Jan. 1.—It is officially explained that Fort Mont Avron was not casemated. As the men had no protection, Trochu ordered them to remove the guns and evacuate the works. The fort was not injured by the incessant firing of the Germans and the garrison lost only eight killed and twenty wounded during the three days bombardment.

The Drama about Opening.

Versailles, Dec. 27.—[Herald Special.]—Everything is ready for a bombardment on a terrific scale, simultaneously in a semi-circle around the devoted city. The affair at Avron was simply a prelude to the startling drama. All the officers have gone to the front. Artillery has commenced firing.

War Facts and Rumors.

Havre, Dec. 31.—General Roy yesterday carried the Prussian position on the heights of Bouville, Onival, and Chattan Roberts. The affair lasted six hours. The loss was small on both sides.

Albert, Dec. 30.—A flying column of Manteuffel's army encountered and defeated three battalions of Mobiles at Forguet with a small loss, taking 10 officers and 230 men prisoners.

Bordeaux, Dec. 31.—Gen Faidherbe, commanding the army of the north is again in motion. In the east the Prussians continue to retreat before the French advance. It it reported that Prussian cavalry has become almost useless since the recent snow and frost, as the horses are smooth shod. In consequence of the severe weather and the difficulty of keeping their communications open the Prussians around Paris have been obliged to take their reserved provisions.

Advices from Paris, of the 29th, represent that the larger portion of the army of Prince Frederick Charles has reached the lines of the besiegers of Paris, and joined them as a reinforcement. It is reported that Beaure Faire has formed in Paris a corps of 12,000 volunteers, who have sworn to cut their way through the Prussians and organize a levy in the provinces.

The "Last Man" Called for.

Berlin, Dec. 29.—[Special to N. Y. *Herald*.] The Prussians are now sending to the front the landwehr of the second ban, aged 42 and 43 years, and is considered the utmost effort of which Germany is capable of making, though the system of supplying their vast army is admitted to be admirable. It cannot obviate the dissatisfaction and distrust which exists in considerable sections of the territory.

A Battle on the Loire--Fr each Victory.

Bordeaux, Jan. 1.—Gen. Chauzy announces to-day that Gen. Jouffray attacked the enemy on the left bank of the Loire near Vendome, and completely defeated him, taking 200 prisoners. Gen Chauzy adds that he will energetically follow up the success and contrive a forward movement.

Entrance of Victor Emanuel into Rome.

Rome, Dec. 31.—King Victor Emanuel has entered the city. His reception was most enthusiastic. The King appeared on the balcony of Quirinal Palace and was cheered by an immense assembly.

Meziores Occupied by the Germans.

London, 2.—Mezieres has been occupied by the Germans.

The French have evacuated their fortified position on the north east of Paris and the forts around the city remain silent.

Depression in Paris.

London, Jan. 2.—The evacuation of the plateau before Avorn by the French causes much depression in Paris. A meeting of the mayors in Paris was held last week to censure the Government for inastivity, but proved a failure.

It is reported that the palace of Malmaison was set on fire by guns from Mont Valerien and totally destroyed.

The Question of Peace.

Wilhelmshohe, Dec. 29. It is believed probable here that after the capitulation of Paris a decree of Regency convening the legislative chambers will be issued by the victors, and the Plebiscite will be taken on the question of further continuance of the war or the conclusion of peace. As an immense majority of the French representatives are in favor of peace, this plan may afford a basis for the completion of an understanding between France and Prussia.

Suffering from the Cold.

Bordeax, Jan. 2. Weather extremely cold and river frozen. The troops suffer terribly. Many Prussian and French soldiers have been frozen to death. Accounts from the invaded districts show that the most inhuman atrocities are committed by the enemy without provocation.

The Sinking of the English Vessels.

London, Jan. 2. [Special to N. Y. *Wortd*.] Bismarck writes to Odo Russel that Prussia was justified under the laws of nations in sinking the English vessels in the Seine, although the payment offered has been refused because unaccompanied by an apology. He again renews the tender of payment.

Additional artillery is on the way to Paris. The number of siege guns of all calbres now in front of Paris is 1500.

Besancon, Jan. 1. The enemy evacuated Gray after a severe combat with franc-tireurs under Col. Barras. The Prussian losses were heavy and ours small.

Spain.

Madrid, Dec. 31. Marshal Prim, although inflamation of his wounds set in and the amputation of his arm was found necessary, retained consciousness to the last, and when made aware of the rapid approach of death, bade adieu to his friends and expressed much anxiety for the safety of the King.

Great apprehensions of an outbreak exist, but the government is making efforts to allay the excitement.

THE RICHMOND CALAMITY. The correspondent of the New York *Herald* gives the following narrative of one of the guests at the Spottswood Hotel at the time of the fire in Richmond:

He states that soon after 2 A. M., while in bed in the third story, he heard a sound below as if some one was breaking kindling wood.—He rose and looked out of the window, but saw nothing unusual. The noise continuing, however, he commenced dressing himself leisurely, as he intended to take the next railroad train. Before leaving his room he turned off the gas, and, glancing toward the window, saw a light from the outside, which he soon discovered proceeded from flames bursting from the story directly under him. He then heard a woman, whom he supposed to be the housekeeper, cry, in wild alarm, "My God! the house is on fire." He called to her to dress herself, and with the view of calming her excitement, said to her that there was no danger on her side, but that it was on his. He then proceeded to knock to all the doors in the third story, to awaken the occupants of the rooms and urge them to dress themselves quickly, as the house was on fi e. Mr. Leib then descended to the second story, where he found Mr. Shure knocking at the doors, waking the guests, who were soon all up and aware of their danger. The utmost alarm now naturally prevailed, and, in the general eagerness to escape, the passage-way of the entrance was in a short time crowded, and, owing to the pressure, the doors could not be opened until, by extraordinary force, the crowd was pushed back, and room was made for that purpose. The housekeeper, Mrs. Kinnerly, was the second person who awoke on that morning, but perished by being cut off by the flames, having delayed in order to look after her trunk. The man having it in his possession preceded her, and barely got beyond her when the flames impeded her progress, and the stairway fell. The fire, Mr. Leib says, originated in the wine room, adjoining the dining-room, on the second story. Mr. Luck, one of the proprietors of the hotel, was severely burned. He rushed through the flames for his family, who, however, at that time were safe, though this fact was unknown to him.

No more bodies have been recovered from the ruins, and it is thought that the number of victims will not exceed eight. The safes of the hotel and express company have been recovered and the contents are in good condition. The total insurance on property destroyed was $100,000.

THE MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT DISASTER. Every fresh detail confirms the culpability of the officers in overloading the steamer Nick Wall, which was snagged week before last on the Mississippi. When the steamer reached Memphis, she was laden beyond her capacity, but the officers controlling her consented to the addition of 60 deck passengers with their freight and luggage. As a consequence the boat was managed with the greatest difficulty and several times narrowly escaped disaster before she ran on the snag which sunk her. So heavily was the boat laden and so conscious were the officers of her danger, that whenever another boat approached, the "Wall" remained motionless so that the return waves might not jar the vessel too much. About 8 o'clock in the evening the vessel ran on a snag and in a few moments thereafter sunk, drowning at least 100 people and seriously injuring a large number of others. Very many who might have been saved leaped from the deck in the frightful uncertainty of the shock. The tragical incidents of the disaster fill nearly two columns of the Memphis *Appeal*, from which we copy the following:

Mr. Hutzler, of Memphis, says that while sitting with others in the cabin a severe shock was felt, and all sprang to their feet and rushed out on the boiler deck, but could see nothing. Returning he met Mrs. Poe, the captain's wife, who asked if anything had happened. He had begun a careless reply, when a crash came as if the heavens had fallen. Mr. Hutzler and Mrs. Poe made a rush for the boiler deck, but before they could reach the door the hurricane roof caved in, dashing barrels, wagons, plows and numerous other articles, which were stacked on the hurricane deck, to the boiler deck, where everybody had rushed to get out of their state rooms. The boat was by this time under water, and only the timely arrival of the Seminole saved any lives. A bright, charming little girl, perhaps twelve years of age, was rescued from beneath a pile of rubbish, and when brought into the cabin of the Seminole she and her mother met. Each supposed the mother lost. The meeting, witnessed by an anxious, eager throng, was touching to the last degree. The mother and child, locked in each other's arms and insane with delight, laughed and wept by turns. The little girl said, "It was frightful, mamma, down where I was, to hear the poor people groaning and dying so; and I was more nearly killed, because I thought you might be there, than by all the heavy boxes that fell upon me." There was not a witness of this meeting, of an anxious mother and no less unselfish child, who did not weep.

A SHIP IN THE DESERT. The San Francisco *Alta* publishes the story of one Clusker, who with three others has been on an expedition in search of a wreck said to lie among the sands in the Colorado desert. It is told by a San Bernardino correspondent, as follows:

He found it between forty and fifty miles southwest of the Los Palmos station, and the Cavassone Lake, precisely where he was told by the Indians and others it would be found. He had been many hours without water, and there was none within sixty miles, except in his wagon. As he was near perishing, he went no farther than to assure himself of the fact that the ship was there, and returned to his wagon, travelling all night on foot, nearly dead with thirst. Clusker says he saw the ship distinctly through his glass, about a mile and a half distant. She lies on her beam end, her bow, bowsprit and stern well above the sand; the waist of the ship is covered with sand, and billows of sand all around her. He judges that she is about two hundred and fifty feet long. Upon repeated inquiries, he might not be deceived by mirage or some natural object, he distinctly and positively says "no." His glass is an excellent one, and he was sure it was the ship he saw. His party had travelled five days and four nights on thirty-six gallons of water for four men and five animals, and he was forced to return for water and provisions. Clusker brings in curious petrifactions, specimens of silver ore, and pumice-stone. He describes the vicinity of the ship as covered with marine shells, abalones, and other varieties. In the mountains he found veins of silver ore, specimens of which he gave me for assay. They resemble the chloride rock of White Pine.

Mr. Clusker stands high in this community for veracity and sense. He certainly believes he has found the ship, and one here believes him. He starts to-morrow again, taking several barrels for water, plank to cross the soft mud of Cavassone Lake, which has no water on the surface, but in which the water rises in a footstep—to take possession of and explore his new treasure.

A LONG TRIP. The Portland *Press* says the schooner Elizabeth arrived at Portland on Saturday last, in *twenty-one* days from New York. She was loaded with corn on which the insurance has been collected, the vessel having been given up for lost. The wind blew continually off shore, and the Elizabeth encountered six different gales, and was blown off as many times. One time she drifted back as far as Cape Cod, after having made Seguin. The sufferings of the crew were terrible. The vessel is much shattered by its prolonged conflict with old Neptune, but the cargo is in tolerable condition. The safe arrival of the Elizabeth is all the more gratifying, because a vessel with which she came in collision, reported her lost. In the time she was making her passage from New York, one might go to Europe and back by steamer, and have a day or two to look around besides.

A GREAT DIAMOND FOUND. The South African papers teem with glowing accounts of the new diamond fields in the Vaal valley. The Cape *Argus*, published at Cape Town, says that not fewer than 883 diamonds, the estimated value of which is put down at £30,500, were exported from that port during the month of September. The recent finding of a single large diamond on the banks of the Vaal river is also described by a correspondent of the above paper. It is a diamond of the first water, eclipsing in size and beauty the "Star of Africa," and weighing 88 1-16 carats. The finder, a Mr. Wheeler, was offered £22,000, but refused to part with it for less than £30,000. The correspondent says:

Having given you the facts, let me add the details. Mr. Wheeler of Beaufort, (West), and several (six) of his relatives have been at work on the Pniel banks for four months. They had, up to Thursday morning, picked up twenty-one diamonds; but did not consider that this would be sufficient to realize their expenses, and they had just resolved to pack up and be off, when Wheeler, who had been standing by his cradle and overlooking the working of it, held up his hand and shrieked as if he had been shot. "What's up!" asked his assistant. Wheeler, when he had recovered his breath, explained that when the first bucket of water thrown into the cradle had oozed away, he saw the light come up from a stone half buried in gravel, and seizing it, he found it to be a diamond about the size of a pigeon's egg. How he felt he could not describe. How he acted they had seen.

However, there it was; he held it out to their astounded sight. There are times when man cannot believe their own eyes, and this was one of them. At last they realized the fact, and then they cheered like mad. All the Pniel diggers heard the cheer, and ran like mad. The Klipdrift dealers and diggers heard it, and they, seeing the diggers swarming like bees at one spot, rushed down to the boats and crossed over, *i. e.* as many men as the boats could take over. Hundreds and hundreds saw the gem, handled it, and turned it over—so many indeed that the proprietors began to fear that their wonderful diamond would be eaten up, and they declined to exhibit it to any more people.

THE LOSS OF THE TROVATORE. A cable dispatch recently announced the loss of the barque Trovatore, of Searsport, and that Capt. Blanchard, his wife and others went down with the vessel. A letter has been received in Boston from Messina, which states that the barque was struck by a revolving temest or waterspout on the 6th of December, off Cape Spartimento, about forty miles from that city, and that the captain and his family, together with the mate, cook and two men perished when the vessel foundered. The second mate, Mr. Oilmer Park, of Searsport, and three men, clung to some pieces of the wreck, and were picked up next day by an Italian brig and carried into Messina. At the time of the disaster, the barque was under lower topsails only, and the captain and all hands were on deck standing by for the squall, but it came so suddenly and with such a tremendous crash that it threw the vessel on her beam-ends and she sunk in fifteen minutes. The rigging was cut away, but it was too late to save her. It is supposed that a portion of her decks were stove by the water-spout, so that she immediately filled with water.

Special Notices.

Spread the Truth.

Some medical men insist that it is undignified to advertise a remedy, however valuable it may be. Queer reasoning this. It is like saying that an article which the world needs should be hid in a corner—that benefits and blessings may be too widely diffused—that the means of protecting and restoring health should be a close monopoly, and not accessible to all. The argument is bad, It is worse than that; it is *inhuman*. Suppose Hostetter's Stomach Bitters—an absolute specific for dyspepsia, billiousness and nervous debility—had never been known beyond the *repertoire* of the faculty, what would have been the consequence? Instead of curing and invigorating millions, the good effect of the preparation would have been confined to a comparative few. There is the highest authority for saying that light should not be hid under a bushel; that whatever is excellent should be placed as a city on a hill, where all men can take cognizance of it. It is upon this principle that the Bitters have been advertised and continue to be advertised in every newspaper of any prominence in the western hemisphere, and that the spontaneous testimonials in its favor have been translated into all written languages. Thousands enjoy perfect health to-day who would be languishing on beds of sickness if the newspapers had not *spread the truth with regard to this unequaled invigorant and corrective* far and wide. Suppose profit *has* been reaped from this publicity. Is *that* any argument against it? If the public health has been protected; if lives have been saved; if the feeble have been strengthened and the sick restored, *great good has been accomplished*: and who so mean as to grudge to exertions thus directed their fair reward?

1m5

NATURE'S REMEDY.

For the cure of *all* diseases arising from *impurities of the blood*, including Scrofula, Erysipelas, Canker Humors of all kinds, Dyspepsia, Constipation, and Headache, is found in "POLAND'S HUMOR DOCTOR" a *vegetable preparation*, chemically and scientifically compounded, and which acts directly upon the causes of these complaints. The "Humor Doctor" has stood the test of years, and is no new article to be tried and found wanting.

For Coughs, Colds, and Throat Disorders, use "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," having *proved* their efficacy by a test of many years. The Troches are highly recommended and prescribed by Physicians. Those exposed to sudden changes should always be supplied with "*The Troches*" as they give prompt relief.

Owing to the good reputation and popularity of the Troches, many *worthless and cheap imitations are offered, which are good for nothing*. Be sure to OBTAIN the *true "Brown's Bronchial Troches."* Sold everywhere.

That Iron is Valuable as a Medicine has long been known, but it is only since its preparation in the particular form of Peruvian Syrup that its full power over disease has been brought to light. Its effect in cases of dyspepsia and debility is most salubary.

IT IS WELL KNOWN to many of our first-class physicians, of what *White Pine Compound* is compounded; and is freely recommended by them in diseases of the Throat, Lungs, Chest, and Kidney troubles. As a medicine it acts the part of the Good Samaritan.

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is the best preparation for the hair in the market, and always gives satisfaction. Do not be put off by unprincipled dealers with others on which they make more profit.

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MAINE STATE AG. SOCIETY.

The Members of the MAINE STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY are notified that the Annual Meeting of said Society, will be held on WEDNESDAY, Jan. 18, 1871 at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Agricultural Room in the State House in Augusta, for the choice of officers and the transaction of such other business as may come before them, and the good of the Society shall require.

S. L. BOARDMAN, Sec. Me. State Ag. Society.
Augusta, Jan. 2d, 1871. 2t5

AGRICULTURAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Androscoggin Agricultural and Horticultural Society will be held in the City Rooms in Lewiston, on Saturday, Jan. 7th, 1871, at 10 o'clock A. M., to elect a Board of Officers for the ensuing year, and to transact such other business as may come before said meeting. All interested are requested to be present. W. R. WRIGHT, Sec'y.
Lewiston, Dec. 12, 1870. 2

Married.

In this city, 1st inst., by Rev. C. R. Moor, Nathaniel Gilman to Abbie M. Caldwell, both of Manchester.

In Hallowell, 2d inst., by Rev. C. R. Moor, at the residence of the bride's father, Rev. J. M. Pate, Pastor of the Universalist Churches in Gardiner and Mallowell, to Persie M., only daughter of J. R. Bodwell, Esq.

In Brunswick, Dec. 26, Leander Shepherd to Mary E. Green, both of B.

In South Windsor, Dec. 26, by Rev. E. E. Bryant, Dr. J. Miller of Providence, R. I., to Mrs. S. W. Waltze of this city.

In Boston, Dec. 29, by Rev. E. E. Edmunds, Chas. P. Ladd, formerly of this city, to Lizzie B. Davis of Farmingdale.

In Norridgewock, Jan. 7, Henry C. Powers to Anna E. Walker.

In Winthrop, Jan. 3, by Rev. E. B. Baker, Albert S. Whitman to Laura Wing. (The printer was kindly remembered on the distribution of the bridal loaf.)

In Athens, Jan. 1, by Rev. J. Morse, Silas H. Whitehouse of Brighton, to Andella Leavitt of Athens.

Died.

At Kent's Hill, Dec. 19th, Alden Packard, aged 36 years, 5 months.

In Albion, Dec. 18th, Isadora E., wife of Pardon T. Bessey, and daughter of S. N. and O. J. Tilton of Thorndike, aged 21 years, 6 months.

In East Vassalboro', Dec. 4th, Josiah Doe, aged 71 years.

In Waldoboro' Dec. 26th, Mrs. Mary K. Orff, aged 91 years, 5 months, 16 days.

In Farmington, Dec. 18th, Joshua Chipman, aged 82 years.

In New Portland, Dec. 27th, Mary Humphery, aged 81 years.

In Rockland, Dec. 21st, Mrs. Hannah, widow of the late Edward K. Robinson, formerly of St. George, aged 75 years, 1 month.

At the National Military Asylum, Dec. 26th, Richard Roberts, formerly private of Co. B., 71st New York Veteran Reserve Corps, aged 54 years. Dec. 27th, Wm. Northwood, formerly private in Co. E., 1st Conn. Vols., aged 50 years.

In West Gardiner, Dec. 25th, suddenly, Mr. Edw'd Peacock, aged 65 years.

Benj. Davis & Co.
FIRE INSURANCE AGENCY,
129 WATER STREET, AUGUSTA,
Nearly Opposite Post Office.
Capital represented,
Thirty Million Dollars.
Particular attention given to FARM RISKS. Policies given covering damages by FIRE and LIGHTNING. 4m5

Half Price to New Subscribers!
THE FRUIT GROWER, a horticultural monthly, will be sent to new subscribers during 1871 for 50 cents, 3 copies for $1. Every lover of fruits and flowers should have it.
Send at once in order to secure the Dec. No. free. Fruit Grower Co., Gilman, Ill. 3w5

DR. SCHENCK ADVISES CONSUMPTIVES TO GO TO FLORIDA IN WINTER.
HAVING for the last thirty-five years devoted my whole time and attention to the study of lung diseases and consumption, I feel that I understand fully the course that ought to be pursued to restore a tolerably bad case of diseased lungs to healthy soundness. The first and most important step is, for the patient to avoid taking cold; and the best of all places on this continent for this purpose, in winter, is Florida, well down in the State, where the temperature is regular, and not subject to such variations as is more northern latitudes. Palatka is a point I can recommend. A good hotel is kept there by Peterman. Last winter I saw several persons there whose lungs had been badly diseased, but who, under the healing influence of the climate and my medicines, were getting well. One hundred miles farther down the river is a point which I would prefer to Palatka, as the temperature is more even and the air dry and bracing. Mellonville and Enterprise are located there. I should give a decided preference to Mellonville; it is two miles from river or lake, and it seems almost impossible to take cold there. The tables in Florida might be better, and patients complain at times; but that is a good sign, as it indicates a return of appetite, and when this is the case, they generally increase in flesh, and then the lungs must heal. Jacksonville, Hibernia, Grand Cove, and many other places in various parts of Florida can be safely recommended to consumptives in winter. My reasons for saying so are, that patients are less liable to take cold there than where there is a less even temperature; and it is not necessary to say, that, where a consumptive person exposes himself to frequent colds he is certain to die shortly: therefore my advice is, go well down into the State, out of the reach of prevailing east winds and fogs. Jacksonville, or almost any other of the localities I have named, will benefit those who are troubled with a torpid liver, a disordered stomach, deranged bowels, sore throat, or cough; but, for those whose lungs are diseased a more southern point is earnestly recommended.

For fifteen years prior to 1869, I was professionally in New York, Boston, Baltimore, and Philadelphia every week, where I saw and examined on an average five hundred patients a week. A practice so extensive, embracing every possible phase of lung disease, has enabled me to understand the disease fully; and hence my caution in regard to taking cold. A person may take vast quantities of "Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, Seaweed Tonic, and Mandrake Pills," and yet die if he does not avoid taking cold.

In Florida, nearly everybody is using Schenck's Mandrake Pills; for the climate is more likely to produce bilious habits than more northern latitudes. It is a well-established fact, that natives of Florida rarely die of consumption, especially those of the southern portion. On the other hand, in New England, one-third at least of the population die of this terrible disease. In the Middle States it does not prevail so largely; still there are many thousands of cases there. What a vast percentage of life would be saved if consumptives were as easily alarmed in regard to taking fresh colds as they are about scarlet fever, small-pox, &c.! but they seem to think that they know what they are about, and, seeing the diggers swarming like bees at one spot, rushed down to the boats and crossed over, *i. e.* as many men as the boats could take over. Hundreds and hundreds saw the gem, handled it, and turned it over—so many indeed that the proprietors began to fear that their wonderful diamond would be eaten up, and they declined to exhibit it to any more people.

Special Notices.

Spread the Truth.

Some medical men insist that it is undignified to advertise a remedy, however valuable it may be. Queer reasoning this. It is like saying that an article which the world needs should be hid in a corner—that benefits and blessings may be too widely diffused—that the means of protecting and restoring health should be a close monopoly, and not accessible to all. The argument is bad, It is worse than that; it is *inhuman*. Suppose Hostetter's Stomach Bitters—an absolute specific for dyspepsia, billiousness and nervous debility—had never been known beyond the *repertoire* of the faculty, what would have been the consequence? Instead of curing and invigorating millions, the good effect of the preparation would have been confined to a comparative few. There is the highest authority for saying that light should not be hid under a bushel; that whatever is excellent should be placed as a city on a hill, where all men can take cognizance of it. It is upon this principle that the Bitters have been advertised and continue to be advertised in every newspaper of any prominence in the western hemisphere, and that the spontaneous testimonials in its favor have been translated into all written languages. Thousands enjoy perfect health to-day who would be languishing on beds of sickness if the newspapers had not *spread the truth with regard to this unequaled invigorant and corrective* far and wide. Suppose profit *has* been reaped from this publicity. Is *that* any argument against it? If the public health has been protected; if lives have been saved; if the feeble have been strengthened and the sick restored, *great good has been accomplished*: and who so mean as to grudge to exertions thus directed their fair reward?

1m5

NATURE'S REMEDY.

For the cure of *all* diseases arising from *impurities of the blood*, including Scrofula, Erysipelas, Canker Humors of all kinds, Dyspepsia, Constipation, and Headache, is found in "POLAND'S HUMOR DOCTOR" a *vegetable preparation*, chemically and scientifically compounded, and which acts directly upon the causes of these complaints. The "Humor Doctor" has stood the test of years, and is no new article to be tried and found wanting.

For Coughs, Colds, and Throat Disorders, use "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," having *proved* their efficacy by a test of many years. The Troches are highly recommended and prescribed by Physicians. Those exposed to sudden changes should always be supplied with "*The Troches*" as they give prompt relief.

Owing to the good reputation and popularity of the Troches, many *worthless and cheap imitations are offered, which are good for nothing*. Be sure to OBTAIN the *true "Brown's Bronchial Troches."* Sold everywhere.

That Iron is Valuable as a Medicine has long been known, but it is only since its preparation in the particular form of Peruvian Syrup that its full power over disease has been brought to light. Its effect in cases of dyspepsia and debility is most salubary.

IT IS WELL KNOWN to many of our first-class physicians, of what *White Pine Compound* is compounded; and is freely recommended by them in diseases of the Throat, Lungs, Chest, and Kidney troubles. As a medicine it acts the part of the Good Samaritan.

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is the best preparation for the hair in the market, and always gives satisfaction. Do not be put off by unprincipled dealers with others on which they make more profit.

1m4

MAINE STATE AG. SOCIETY.

The Members of the MAINE STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY are notified that the Annual Meeting of said Society, will be held on WEDNESDAY, Jan. 18, 1871 at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Agricultural Room in the State House in Augusta, for the choice of officers and the transaction of such other business as may come before them, and the good of the Society shall require.

S. L. BOARDMAN, Sec. Me. State Ag. Society.
Augusta, Jan. 2d, 1871. 2t5

AGRICULTURAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Androscoggin Agricultural and Horticultural Society will be held in the City Rooms in Lewiston, on Saturday, Jan. 7th, 1871, at 10 o'clock A. M., to elect a Board of Officers for the ensuing year, and to transact such other business as may come before said meeting. All interested are requested to be present. W. R. WRIGH

Poetry.

A STRIP OF BLUE.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

I do not own an inch of land,
But all I see is mine—
The orchard and the mowing fields,
The lawns and gardens fine,
The winds my tax collectors are,
They bring me tithes divine—
Wild scents and subtle essences,
A tribute rare and free;
And, more magnificent than all,
My window keeps for me
A glimpse of blue immensity—
A little strip of sea.

Richer am I than he who owns
Great fleets and argosies;
I have a share in every ship
Won by the inland breeze
To loiter on you airy road
Above the apple trees.
I freight them with untold dreams,
Each bears my own picked crew;
And nobler cargoes wait for them
Than ever India knew,—
My ships that sailed into the East
Across the outlet blue.

Sometimes they seem like living shapes—
The people of the sky,—
Guests in white raiment coming down
From Heaven, which is close by;
I call them by familiar names,
As one by one draws nigh.
So white, so light, so spirit like,
From violet mists they bloom!
The aching wastes of the unknown
Are half reclaimed from gloom,
Since on life's hospitable sea,
All souls find sailing room.

The ocean grows a weariness
With nothing else in sight;
Its east and west, its north and south,
Spread out from morn to night;
We miss the warm, caressing shore,
The brooding shade and light.
A part is greater than the whole;
By hints are mysteries told.
The fringe of eternity—
God's sweeping garment-fold.
In that bright shred of glimmering sea,
I reach out for, and hold.

The sails, like flakes of roseate pearls,
Float in upon the mist;
The waves are broken precious stones—
Sapphire and amethyst.
Washed from celestial basement walls,
By suns unsetting kissed.
Out through the utmost gates of space,
Past where the gray stars drift,
To the widening infinite, my soul
Glides on, a vessel swift;
Yet loses not her anchorage
In yonder azure rift.

Here sit I, as a little child:
The threshold of God's door
Is that clear band of chrysoprase.
Now the vast temple floor,
The blinding glory of the dome
I bow my head before.
Thy universe, O God, is home,
In height or depth, to me;
Yet here upon thy footstool green
Content am I to be;
Glad when is opened to my need
Some sea-like glimpse of Thee.

—Atlantic Monthly for December.

Our Story Teller.

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Before a cheerful fire, in the best kitchen of a stag west-country cottage, sat two persons, a man and a woman, both advanced in years. All around wore an air of homely comfort. Of mere ornament there was little; but the furniture, though plain as could be, and bearing the marks of long service, was good and solid; and its trim arrangement and spotless cleanliness spoke highly for the good housekeeping of its owners. A square of Dutch carpet, bound with crimson braid, was spread upon the stone floor; and a glazed oak book-case displayed upon its shelves a goodly store of delf and ancient china. On the chimneypiece a cuckoo-clock ticked merrily, and in one corner of the room stood an old-fashioned square piano, on which were piled a considerable number of well-bound books. Two or three old line engravings, mostly of scriptural subjects, decorated the walls, and the lattice window was half hidden by a crimson curtain. The whole aspect of the cottage betokened competence and modest independence. Nor were the inmates belied by appearance, for few among the inhabitants of the village were more universally respected than David and Mary Holt. In the same cottage they had lived for thirty years, paying their way, and asking no favor of any man; and for five-and-twenty of those years David had been parish clerk and schoolmaster, and in the estimation of the younger parishioners, little, if at all, inferior in dignity to the parson himself. His wife, with no less respect, won more affection; for David Holt was a stern and hard man, always just, but seldom generous; while Mary was ever tender hearted, with a kind word and smile for everybody. To her the school-children came in all their troubles, whether arising from blow of cricket-ball or the perplexities of the rule of three, and rarely failed to receive some measure of consolation.

Such were the couple who sat, one Christmas Eve not very long ago, by the cosy cottage fireside. A long clay pipe, a real old-fashioned churchwarden, just put aside, lay upon the snow-white deal table, and David Holt was reading aloud from a ponderous Family Bible, while his good wife, her hands crossed upon her knees, sat reverently listening. As befitted their solemn occupation, the faces of both were grave and quiet, but that quiet gravity seemed only to throw into stronger relief the characteristic expression of each;—David, square-headed and square-chested, with massive jaw and chin, heavy overhanging eyebrows, and deep-set keen gray eyes, hard, proud, and unforgiving, the embodiment of stern, self-willed, and rugged pride; the old woman, gentle and quiet, with downcast eyes, soft gray hair, and pleasant smiling lips, that told of nothing but love and charity; and yet, though the two faces were so unlike, a keen observer might have detected an element of likeness. There are some events (happy those who have known none such) which, coming into a human life, leave behind them a shadow forever. It needed no second glance at these two persons to know that some such event (some great sin, or shame, or sorrow) had passed over their lives. But as natures differ, so the scars left by the fiery trial differ too. In David Holt's face the shadow bore the impress of humbled pride; in Mary's that of wounded affection. The smile on the old woman's lips, the kindly smile that had rested there from youth, and that old age could not wear away, though still sweet, was sad as well; and the kind voice, that had so often spoken courage and cheer to others, had now a tone of weariness and ever-present pain. The rugged nature of David, on the other hand, seemed to have hardened under the rod; the hard features had become harder, the cold gray eye colder and sterner than ever. Even now, while reading the sweet Christmas idyl, the sweet story whose burden is the song of the angels, "Peace on earth, good-will to men," his harsh voice lost none of its accustomed harshness, but uttered the sacred words defiantly, in tones suited rather to some tale of battle and violence, than to the glad tidings of everlasting peace.

Slowly and steadily, never raising his eyes from the sacred page, David Holt read on; but even above his loud harsh tones could be heard the unmistakable sounds of a storm raging without. The wind howled and roared over the wild west-country moor, straining against the cottage eaves, wrestling with door and casement, and piling heaps of snow high against the lattice-windows. It was a night in which no one, with a home to go in, would willingly have been out of doors; any shelter, even the poorest and roughest, would have been preferable to exposure to that pitiless storm, and yet, out in the cottage garden, under the full fury of the bitter wind and driving snow, a woman stood, bareheaded and motionless, gazing through the lattice with wild, longing, hungry eyes at the scene within. After a little while she crept into the porch, but not to ask for shelter. One knock at the door, as though dealt with a feeble or timid hand, was heard; and then, waiting not the result, she came forth again and fled swiftly, her long hair streaming in the wild wind, toward the open moor.

After a moment or two the door opened, the light from within casting a broad bright beam into the outer darkness; and Mary Holt shading her eyes with her hand, peered forth into the storm. She caught sight of the flying figure, and calling to her husband, the two gazed after it till it disappeared altogether in the darkness. David was the first to re-enter the cottage, saying, as he did so, "Come in Missus, come in, will'ee? It's some foolish prank o' one o' the village wenches. She thought to fright us, I reckon." His wife turned to follow him, but as she did so, stumbled against a bundle lying at her feet. "She's left some'at behind her then," said the old woman, stooping to examine it, when a faint wailing cry was heard, and she started back an instant; then hastily snatching up the bundle rushed into the cottage. "Oh, Davy, did 'ee ever; it's a child!" As she spoke, she laid her burden on the table, and letting fall the thick woollen cloak in which it was wrapped, disclosed a baby of three or four months old, whose wide open eyes seemed to testify the utmost astonishment as to how he got there. With motherly instinct, the good soul took the child in her arms, pressing it to her bosom with murmurs of endearment. But David's brow was black as night. "A pretty thing, the shameless, to saddle honest folk wi' her lone brat; but I'll find her out, I warrant—ay, that I will, if it costs me twenty pound!"

"Nay, Davy, don't 'ee be too hard on the poor soul. There's never a sin without a sorrow; and she must have had a weary sight o' pain and misery before she'd be willing to part with her child."

"And serve her right, a baggage!" replied her husband. "If there's law or justice in the parish, I'll have her in the stocks before another week's out."

"Davy, Davy!" pleaded the good wife. "Sure you've forgotton that it's Christmas Eve, and the good words you were reading but now. Oh! maister, don't be angry overmuch to-night."

David was about to make a stern rejoinder, when his wife caught sight of a small locket of gold-and-blue enamel, which was hung about the child's neck by a ribbon. With a cry as if she had received a blow, she gasped, "Oh, David, David, look at this! It's hers, it's Ally's, our own child's!"

A flash of indescribable emotion passed for a moment over David Holt's face, and lip and eye-lid quivered. But it was only for a moment, and the stern face hardened again, a shade paler, perhaps, but dark and stern as ever. When he spoke it was slowly and distinctly.

"I don't know of whom you speak; I had a child o' that name once, but she brought shame upon us. Take her who will, she's none o' mine."

"She is our own flesh and blood, David," pleaded the old woman, in an agony of tears. "The Lord made her that, and bitter words won't alter it. Oh! to think that she should have been here, close by our door, and out in the storm! Davy, won't you—won't you fetch her back?"

David sat silent, sullenly gazing into the fire.

"Davy, you call yourself a Christian man. You wouldn't turn a dog to door on such a night as this, and yet you'll suffer your own child to be wandering on the moor, without a place to lay her head."

"She can ask for shelter."

"Shelter! Likely that she who daredn't face her own father and mother, 'ud seek shelter o' strangers."

As she spoke she opened the cottage door, which the moment the latch was raised, was flung back heavily by the wind, and a torrent of snow poured in. Like the timid bird valiant in defence of her fledglings, the mother's gentle nature rose to arms, and battled on behalf of her child.

"Oh David, shame on you! Have you the heart of a man, to sit there like a stone image when your own flesh and blood may be perishing o' cold and wet? Lord help me, I'm but a feeble old woman, but my only child shan't die outside my door, an' me sitting by the fire within."

With eager haste the old woman fetched a pillow, and placing it upon the hearthrug, laid the child upon it. Then, her fingers trembling with excitement, she lighted the candle in an old horn lantern, and throwing a thick shawl over her head, snatched up the cloak in which the baby had been wrapped, and rushed to the door.

As she reached it, David rose slowly. "Well, missus, if you're bound to go, I reckon I'll have to go too. But mind ye this; I'll give the light o' love food and shelter this one night, but never more— never more, remember."

"I'm her mother, David; I remember that," said the old woman, her affection for her child overcoming even her wonted awe of her husband. "And I remember naught else to-night."

David made no reply. Closing the cottage-door, the old couple started on their quest. David was the first to speak.

"We're on a wild-goose chase, missus, I reckon. How are we to tell which way the wilful wench has gone?"

"The Lord guide us!" said the old woman, despairingly.

The two stood still on the wild moor, uncertain which way to turn; all around them, far as the eye could see, a broard white sheet of snow. Their own cottage was the only dwelling near them, and the remaining houses of the village lay beyond it, quite in the opposite direction to that which the object of their pursuit had taken. They gazed around them in all directions, but the driving snow obscured their vision. Not a trace could be seen of the object of their search, and there seemed to be no alternative but to give up the quest. But the quick woman's wit, outstripping the man's slower sense, leapt to a solution of the difficulty. With the eagerness of renewed hope, the old woman exclaimed—

"We'll find her yet, Davy; wi' God's help we'll find her yet. Back to the cot, maister, will 'ee; and gi' me the light."

Hurriedly the pair retraced their steps. As they neared the porch, the old woman held the lantern close to the ground, carefully examining the snow. After a few moments' search, she exclaimed:—

"Here 'tis, sure 'nough, the print of Ally's little feet; I'd know 'em in a hundred. Now, maister, we're in the right track, thanks be to the good Lord that sent the snow."

Holding the lantern low, and guided by its uncertain light, they followed the track of the small footsteps, already becoming blurred and indistinct under the still falling snow. Fearful of losing the trace before they could overtake the wanderer, they pressed on, weary and panting, but never halting, never wavering in their onward course. They had reached a considerable distance from the cottage, but still no sign, save the still advancing foot-marks of her they sought.

Still pressing onward, David spoke with a strange tremor in his voice. "Tell 'ee what, missus, there's some'at whist about this—where can the maid be going o' this side of the moor? There's never a house for miles."

His wife made no reply. Still they pressed onward, onward. Each could hear the other's breath, as they panted through the driving wind, which blew in their faces, and buffeted them back, as though opposed to their errand of mercy. Suddenly a cry came from the old woman's lips, a shriek so shrill, so agonized, that for the moment it alone was heard, and the moaning wind seemed, by contrast, hushed into stillness. She clutched her husband's arm.

"Oh, Davy, hurry on! You're the swiftest. Hurry on for dear life. O God in heaven!—she's making for the Black Pool!"

With a hoarse cry, like that of a wounded animal, a cry hardly less fearful, in its subdued anguish, than his wife's agonized shriek, David seized the light, and bounded forward, the old woman following as best she might, her hand pressed to her side, and her gray locks fluttering in the night wind. The feeble glimmer of the lantern became dimmer and dimmer in the distance, and Mary Holt felt her strength fast leaving her, when a shout was heard from David, and the light came to a stop. With renewed energy she pressed forward, and in a few moments was kneeling with her husband on the snow, supporting the insensible form of her lost daughter in her arms. With passionate tenderness the mother chafed the cold hands and kissed the death-white face, striving by close embraces to bring back the spark of life. But all in vain. The unhappy girl lay, as David had found her, a black heap on the snow; so still, so motionless, it seemed as though God had saved the wanderer from the last great sin—that awful sin which, shutting out repentance, shuts out mercy too—by taking to Himself the life she would have cast away.

Still the father and mother, clinging to the shadow of hope, relaxed not their loving efforts, wrapping the warm woolen cloak about their child's lifeless form, they half-dragged, half-carried her along till they reached the cottage. Then, while David hastened for the village doctor, the mother essayed such simple means as her homely experience suggested, to recall the spark of life, if perchance it might not have faded into utter darkness. After a little while, her loving pains were rewarded by perceiving the beat of a feeble pulse, and the appearance of a faint flush of color on the white cheek; and a little later, her ears were gladdened by the sound of a well-known voice, though uttered in the ravings of delirium.

But her happiness was of short duration. Soon the good doctor came, and, with tears standing in his eyes, spoke words of doom. The frail form had suffered more than it could bear, and the little life left was but the fire of fever, which might, or might not, burn through the night. For a little while the light of reason might come back; but if it should so come, it would be but to flicker for a moment, and then be quenched forever.

And meanwhile, all unconscious of its mother's life ebbing so fast away—of the wind and snow without, and the rain of tears within—of life or death—of sin or sorrow—the little baby lay sleeping before the fire; a dimpled arm supporting a dimpled cheek, on which the flickering firelight cast a rosy glory. And the cuckoo-clock on the mantel-piece still ticked on "Life, death—life, death;" each tick, each drop of time, as it fell into the ocean of eternity, bringing a stronger throb to the life just begun, and stealing one more pulse from the life that was passing away.

With quivering lips and streaming eyes, the father and mother sat by their daughter's pillow, listening in silent anguish to her delirious moanins. Her dying fancy seemed to hover hither and thither about her life; straying far back into the past, and recalling incidents of her childish days—incidents long forgotten, but returning now with strange vividness under the influence of her broken sentences. And then a sadder page was turned, and the parents knew (too late!) how their darling had been drawn aside from duty; and the father learnt, with bitter self-reproach, how his own sternness had repelled the loving confidence that had often risen to his child's lips; and which might, under Heaven, have hindered that bitter ending. At one moment she fancied herself with her betrayer, and pleading as though she had just left home, for his permission to write to her parents. And here the listeners noticed, with a strange feeling of surprise, that no thought of shame seemed to mingle with her pleadings; she begged as though for leave to communicate joyful tidings, rather than to confess her sin, and sue for pardon.

"Oh, Robert, darling, if you would let me tell father and mother they would be so glad and proud. They would be a little vexed at first, of course, at our having kept it from them, but they will soon forgive that. And if it must be kept a secret at present, on account of your uncle, why, I don't think they would mind, at least not very, very much. And if the people did say hard things of me in the village, I could bear that for *your sake*, darling, you know; and perhaps it would be only for a little while. And when you get your uncle's consent (and I'm sure you will, because you make everybody do just as you like, darling,) why then it needn't be a secret any longer, need it? And I should be so proud of my soldier Robert. You *will* let me write, won't you dear? to please your little pet Ally. I don't mind about anybody else, but I can't feel quite happy till father and mother know that I am your wife."

The listeners started, and bent forward with longing eyes, to hear more. But the feeble fluttering spirit, exhausted by even so short a flight, had sunk down again; and the sufferer's eyelids drooped, and for a while she seemed to slumber. Presently, however, she started again, with a wild cry, and sat up in the bed, gazing with fixed and dilated pupils, and pressing her thin white hands upon her forehead—"Oh, Robert, don't say that. Even in fun, darling, don't say that. You don't know how my heart is beating, even now, when I know it's a joke. Just put your hand against it, dear, and feel. Why don't you look at me, darling; why do you turn away? Robert, it isn't, *can't* be true. A false marriage! Oh, Robert, how could you do it, when I trusted you so?"

The loud passionate sobs of the dying girl, as she sat wringing her hands and rocking to and fro in her delirious grief, disturbed the sleeping child, which awoke with a cry. The sound seemed to touch another chord. She ceased her sobs and listened, smoothing her hair back from her forehead as though trying to recollect something. Her mother, with womanly instict, put her baby in her arms. A look of sweet content came over the faded face, and she sunk back upon her pillow, nestling the little one to her bosom, and caressing the baby head with her wasted fingers. Then the wandering mind roved into another track.

"Baby dear! baby dear! Baby will never, never go away from his poor mama, will he? Poor mama! left all alone with baby in the whole wide world. Hush, dear, mustn't cry; Alice may cry, but baby dear mustn't cry. Baby must be a happy baby boy, and grow up strong and handsome, like papa. Oh, baby darling, pray God you may never break anybody's hear! Hushaby, dear, go to sleep on mother's bosom. Mammy will sing to him—sing him to sleep."

And then she softly crooned a fragment of a song that had been her favorite in the old home days, a sad song of a faithless love, and with a tender, plaintive burden of one hoping against hope.:—

"He will return, I know he will,
He would not leave me here to a die."

The effort of singing seemed to exhaust the sufferer's strength, and soon still faintly murmuring that sad refrain, she sank into a heavy slumber. Her mother took advantage of the opportunity to disengage the child from her arms, and to give it some milk which it swallowed eagerly. This done, the parents continued their quiet watch. The night waned, and and the gray light of daybreak stole in at the windows; their daughter still sleeping on so calmly and peacefully that they would have fain hoped that the worst was over, and that the dawn of renewed life might come with her awaking. But one glance at the sufferer's face forbade them to cherish the sweet delusion. The bright look of youth had faded away from it, and tears had washed away its spring bloom; but in this last hour the graces of form and color were replaced by another and higher beauty—a beauty so spiritual, so unearthly, it seemed as though the robe of clay had fallen off, and the soul alone lay sleeping there, biding the summons to spread its wings and take flight to heaven.

At last, when the sun was light in the heavens, shedding its morning glory far and wide over the crisp, white snow, the sleeper awoke. The fire of delirium had given place to the calm light of reason in her eyes, and she gazed around with an inquiring look. "Have I been ill, mother dear?" she said faintly.

"Yes, darling, very ill."

"I don't remember falling ill," said the dying girl; "everything seems gone from me."

A tiny cry from baby's lips supplied the missing link. The white forehead crimsoned and the blue eyes filled with tears of grief and shame. "I remember now. Oh, mother can you ever forgive me?"

A loving kiss was the mother's only answer. But it said enongh.

"And father, does he know! Will he forgive me too?"

David Holt rose and stood by his daughter's bedside, looking down upon her with ineffable love and tenderness. The old love for his only child repressed so long, now swept away all barriers; pride, self-will, resentment, all were forgotten in the deep emotion of that bitter hour.

"My darling, may God forgive me as freely as I have forgiven you all that I have to forgive!"

"If you and mother forgive me, I can feel almost happy again. Oh, how nice it is to be at home! But how did I come here? Who brought me here?"

The father and mother interchanged glances. "We found you on the moor last night, Ally, and brought you home."

"Last night! last night! I don't remember. It's all gone from me. I seem mazed like; and oh so weak! Mother dear, am I dying?"

The old woman tried to speak, but grief choked her. David answered for her, himself little less moved. "My child, life and death are in the Lord's hands. His will be done!"

"Nay, David," said his wife, with an effort, "don't give the child a false hope now. Ally, dear, we fear—indeed, we know that—that—" The mother's voice broke down, but her choking sobs told all the rest.

There was the faintest quiver of the drooping eyelids, and a single tear rolled over the wasted cheek.

"Are you afraid to die, Ally?" said her father.

"No, father dear, I don't think I'm afraid; I've longed for death many and many a time lately, and prayed to be ready to meet it; and now it has come, I don't fear much. But it's hard to leave you and mother so soon after I have got you back, and my poor little baby. May I have him now, please mother? it won't be very long, I think. There is such a strange feeling of numbness coming over me."

The babe was placed in her arms, and she kissed and fondled it with passionate tenderness. "Oh, my baby! my baby! it's very, very hard to leave my little wee baby all alone!"

"Not alone, darling, not alone," sobbed her mother.

"No, not alone," srid the dying girl, smiling through her tears; "not quite alone, after all. Mother, dear, I give him to you, the last gift of your pobr wayward Ally."

"My darling, I take him not as a gift, but as a precious trust—a trust to keep for his mother in heaven."

There was a long, quiet pause, in which nothing was heard save the heavy breathing of the dying girl, and the hard tick of the clock on the mantel-piece counting her life away.

The solemn stillness was broken at last by a voice so faint and low, the listeners had to bend forward to atch the parting words. "Mother, dear, where are you? I can't see you! How dark it is getting. Hark! they are calling to me."

The doting arms drew the babe closer in a last embrace. "Mother dear—baby—dont forget. God bless——" And then the soul flew away with the blessing on its lips, and sped to finish its loving prayer at the foot of the great white Throne.

A corner of the window-curtain had fallen aside, and through the opening a stray sunbeam crept in, and fell, quartered by an intersection of the lattice, upon the white coverlet. Was it an omen? Was it chance? The lifeless form, with a smile on its silent lips, lay sleeping under the shadow of the cross.

And now, as the freed soul shook the earth from its wings, and spread its pinions for its heavenward flight, the church-bells burst forth with their chimes of joy and gladness, in honor of the Christmas morn. The sound of the joyous peal floated into the death-chamber, and brought sweet hope and peace to the aching hearts within. The mother's face was sad, but the look of weary longing had passed away. "God knows best Davy dear. Without this bitter cup, mayhap we would'nt have had peace and good-will in our hearts to-day. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be his name!"

Amen! Amen!

GOOD FARMING. "Sambo, is your master a good farmer?"

"Oh, yes, massa fus-rate farmer—he make two crop in one year."

"How is that, Sambo?"

"Who, you see, he sell all his hay in de Fall and make money once; den in de Spring he sell de hides of all cattle dat die for want of de hay, and make money twice. Dat's two crops, massa."

A Frenchman cannot pronounce "ship." The word is "sheep" in his mouth. Seeing an iron-clad, he said to a boy, "Ish dish a war sheep?" "No," answered the boy "it's ram."

"If you had avoided rum," said a rum-seller to a customer, "you could now ride in your carriage. "And if you had never sold rum," said the bacchanal, "you would have been my driver."

Miscellany.

For the Maine Farmer.

LOST TREASURES.

Two rose buds in my garden;
Two jewels on my brow:
Two pearls of wondrous beauty,
Pure as the spotless snow.

My garden is deserted,
My brow has lost its crown.
My pearls of fairest beauty
Too pure for earth have grown.

Two little mounds in the churchyard,
At home two little chairs:
The toys in the parlor closed,
And the empty crib up stairs

Are all that is left of my treasures,
Save this dull unceasing pain,
And the hope that beyond earth shadows
I shall find my jewels again.

And somehow that land seems nearer,
And my Lord has nearer grown,
Since the angels that he sent me
Back to his arms have flown.

Biblical Criticism.

A Wisconsin secular paper contains the following good story.

One who does not believe in immersion for baptism was holding a protracted meeting, and one night preached on the subject of baptism. In the course of his remarks he said, some believe it necessary to go down into the water and come up out of it to be baptized. But this he claimed to be a fallacy, for the preposition "into" of the scriptures should be rendered differently, as it does not mean into at all times. "Moses," he said. we are told 'went up into the mountain, and the Saviour was taken into a high mountain, etc. Now we do not suppose that either went into the mountain, but upon it. So with going down into the water; it means simply going down close by or near to the water, and being baptised in the ordinary way, by sprinkling.

He carried this idea out fully, and in due season and style closed his discourse, when an invitation was given to any one who felt so disposed, to rise and express their thoughts. Quite a number of the brethren arose and said that they were glad they had been present on this occasion, that they were all well pleased with the sound sermon they had just heard, and felt their souls greatly blessed. Finally a corpulent gentleman of Teutonic extraction, a stranger to all, arose and broke the silence that was almost painful, as follows:

"Mister Breacher, I ish so glad I vash here to-day, for I has had explained to my min't some tings dat I could never belief before. Oh, I ish so glad't dat into doesn not mean into at all, put shust close py, or near to, for now I can believe manish tings vot I could not believe before. We reat, Mister Breacher, that Taniel vas cast into the ten of lions, and came out alive! Now I neber could believe that, for de wilt peasts would shust eat him up right off; put now it ish ferry clear to my min't. He vash shust close py or near to, and tid not get into de den at all. O, I ish so glat I vas here to-night.

Again we reat dat the Hebrew family vas cast into de firish furnace, and dat air alwish look't like a peeg story, too, for they would have been purnt up; put it ish all plain to my min't now, for they were shust cast close py or near to de firish furnace. O! I vash so glat I vash here to-night!

And den, Mister Breacher, it ish said dat Jonah vas cast into the sea and take into de whalesh belly. Now I neber could belief dat. It alwaysh seemed to me to pe a peeg feesh story, put it ish all plain to my min't now, he vash not taken into de whalesh belly at all, put shust shumped onto his pack and rode ashore. O, I vash so glat I vash here to-night!"

And now, Mister Breacher, if you will shust explain two more bashnges of Scriptures I shall pe, O, so happy dat I vash here to-night! One of them is vere it saish de vicked shall pe cast into a lake that purns vith fire and primsthone always. O! Mister Breacher, shall I pe cast into that lake if I am vicked? or shust close py or near to, shust near enough to pe comfortable? O! I hopes you tell me I shall be cast shust py a good way off, and I vill be so glad I was here to-night! The other bashnges is that which saish, pressed are they who do thees commandments, that they may have right to tree of life and enter in through the gates into the city. O! tell me shall I gets into the city and not shust close py or near to, shust near enough to see vat I have los, and I shall pe so glat I vash here to-night!"

He sat down with the impression made, on many minds present, that it would do to take the Bible for only what it clearly says.

Granite State School Scene.

A promising son of some twelve years was accepted as a pupil.

"Well, my litte boy," said the teacher, "where was you born?"

"In Varmount."

I scarcely credited my own sense of hearing, and again asked, "Where?"

"In Varmount, you see."

The ghost of Ichabod Crane was before me. I had admitted one of the pupils, and I felt impressed to help him over the words of two syllables as Ichabod did those of his school. After our pupil had toiled for one or two days amid the perplexities of school life, I placed Guyot's Primary Geography on his desk.

"What's that?" said he.

"It is a geography," remarked the teacher.

"Gografy! can't study gografy! never did sich a thing in all my life!"

"Well," said the teacher, "you can look at the pictures."

Several days more passed on, when signs of new life appeared to be breaking forth from "Varmount's" mind. Not being able to attract the teacher's attention by the varied movements of the arm, he was like a regular member of the House, and cried out—

"Teacher! got a gografy lesson."

The recitation of a class was now occupying my mind, and he was requested to study a little longer. But he was not to be neglected. He had learned a lesson in geography, and the teacher must be witness of the fact. Audibly, he whispers—

"Never'd seen one afore, you see."

Head, hands, arms and legs were now called into action. His appeal this time was not to be slighted. Louder than before, he cries out:

"Teacher! got my gografy lesson."

"Well," said the teacher, as she stood by his side, "What can you see in the picture?"

"*Keows.*"

"That's right; you can see the cows, and what more can you tell us?"

"That's all I got," said he, and fell into his seat, evidently well satisfied with his success, and to the great amusement of the whole school.

Industry.

Man must have occupation or be miserable. Toil is the price of sleep and appetite, of health and enjoyment. The very necessity which overcomes our natural sloth is a blessing. The whole world does not contain a brier or a thorn which Divine mercy could have spared. We are happier with the sterility, which we can overcome by industry, than we could have been with spontaneous plenty and unbounded profusion. The body and the mind are improved by the toil that fatigues them. The toil is a thousand times rewarded by the pleasures which it bestows. Its enjoyments are peculiar. No wealth can purchase them, no indolence can taste them. They flow only from the exertions which they repay.

"Mrs. H." exclaimed a little urchin, on running into a near neighbor's house, "mother wanted me to ask, would ye please lend 'er yer candle-molds? The moulds were given him, and he ran home. In a few minutes he returned with this query: "Mother wants to know if ye'd be kind enough to lend 'er some wickin'?" The wicking was measured off, and he again departed. But he soon appeared again, and said: "Mother would be so thankful if you had a little taller ye'd be so kind as to lend her?" Mrs. H. good naturedly produced the desired article, and as the boy started for the door, she said: "Wouldn't your mother like to have me come over and mould the candles for her?" "Wall, yes," replied the boy, "I reckon she'd like it first rate, cos she said she don't like to be troublin' her neighbors, so she wouldn't ask ye."

While the learned and venerable Dr. Lord still presided over Dartmouth College and kept as keen an oversight upon the habits and morals of the young gentlemen of ihe institution as they required, a report reached him that one of the freshmen, C——, a good student, but rather a fast fellow, was contracting the awful vice of gambling. The Doctor was always accustomed to take the bull by the horns, and upon this occasion the delinquent was immediately summoned into his presence and bluntly interrogated:—"How's this, Mr. C—— the prox sternly questioned. "I hear that you have been known to play for stakes." The eye of the young reprobate twinkled as he saw a chance for a joke, and demurely responded: "You have been misinformed, sir. I never played for *steaks*, though I must confess that I have once or twice for *oysters*."

The Detroit *Tribune* says that a resident of that city, who lives on a fashionable thoroughfare, observed a man whom he did not care to see coming toward his door, and hurriedly instructed Bridget to tell the person he was not at home. "All right, sir," said Bridget, as she made haste to answer the door bell. "Is Mr. —— at home?" inquired the caller. "Faith ant he's gone out," responded the obedient servant. "When will he be at home?" asked the man at the door. "Heuld on a minnit," put in Bridget, "an' *I'll ax him!*"

Science and Art.

TEST OF ACTUAL DEATH.

A positive method by which real death may be distinguished readily from that which is apparent only, has been for a long time a desideratum, and prizes of considerable value have at various times been offered for the announcement of some unerring test to determine between the two. Among others proposed for this purpose is the application of a few drops of a solution of belladonna to the eye. If life be present in a few moments a dilitation of the pupil will be observed, very easily noted in comparison with the other eye which has not been so treated. This is so independent of the condition of the eye that it is even observable in case of complete amaurosis or of paralysis, and is appreciable when all the ciliary nerves have been cut; and it may even be noted upon an eye that has been removed from the orbit as long as muscular contractility remains. Whenever, therefore, its application produces no effect whatever upon the eye, we may assume that muscular contractility has ceased, and, consequently that life has entirely passed from the body. A precaution is, however, necessary in cases where dilitation has already taken place to the full possibility of the iris, which sometimes occurs in a case of apparent death, particularly when caused by the use of belladonna. A counteraction is therefore necessary in this instance, which is to be effected by means of the Calabar bean, which, if life be present, will cause the pupil to contract.

HOW TO REST.

The best mode of resting when fatigued, says the *Herald of Health*, depends upon the fatigue and the condition of the person at the time. There is one thing, however, which will always rest a tired person, and that is a sponge or towel-bath over the entire surface. Of course the temperature of the water and the vigor and amount of rubbing must be graduated to the strength of the person. It is generally best if given by a second person.

When the fatigue is mental, arising from over-exertion of the brain, the muscles should be called into action, as by walking, horseback riding, rowing, playing ball, pitching quoits, gymnastics, etc.

General muscular fatigue is quickly relieved by lying on the face and having some one rub and percuss the back vigorously. Also, but less readily, by laying flat upon the back upon a hard couch or bed, or upon the floor, with the hands back of or under the head, but the head not otherwise raised, and taking full, deep breaths.

Local muscular fatigue may be relieved by rubbing and percussing the part or by changing position and bringing other parts of the body into action.

WATER-PROOF GLUE.

Immerse common glue in cold water until it becomes perfectly soft, but still retains its form; then put it into common raw linseed oil, and apply a gentle heat, until it is completely dissolved by the oil. It is then used like ordinary glue. It dries very soon, and water has no effect on it.

A glue which will resist water to a considerable degree is made by dissolving common glue in skimmed milk. Fine levigated chalk added to the common solution of glue in water constitutes an addition which strengthens it, and renders it suitable for sign-boards and other things which must stand the weather.

A glue that will hold against fire and water may be prepared by mixing a handful of quicklime with four ounces of linseed oil. Thoroughly levigate the mixture, boil it to a good thickness, and then spread it on tin plates in the shade; it will become exceedingly hard, but may be dissolved over a fire, like ordinary glue, and is then fit for use.

Where glue is to be exposed to the weather, common glue, protected by a good coat of oil color, is superior to the above. If both are combined (that is, the water-proof glue and the paint) a much greater advantage may be obtained.

SNUFF IN CASES OF CONSUMPTION.

At the recent meeting of the British Medical Association at Newcastle, a paper was presented by Dr. Murry, on "Snuff-taking, and its utility in preventing Bronchitis and Consumption." The facts, as given by Dr. Murray, are curious, and will interest the general reader. He remarks, in the first place, that an habitual smoker seldom or never dies of consumption; and farther declares that he has seen the progress of consumption arrested by practising the habit of snuff-taking, which is equally efficient in the case of broxchitis. Dr. Murray says: "By titilating the lining membrane of the nostrils, snuff acts as a powerful derivative and counter-irritant, and its use will tend to preserve the more important and susceptible pulmonary mucous membrane from evil."

TO MEND RUBBER HOSE.

William Hunt, New-York City, writes in the *Aub*: "The iaclosed method of mending rubber hose ought to be known to everybody. I mended mine in several places two or three years ago, and it is yet strong and good. The plumbers said there was no other way but to use couplings costing a dollar each. I used iron pipe, cut to order, three inches long, costing three cents each. Cut the hose apart where it is defective; obtain from any gas-fitter a piece of iron pipe two or three inches long; twist the hose over it until the ends meet, wrap with strong twine, well waxed, and it will last a long time.

A NEW EXPLOSIVE.

An explosive, stated to be more powerful than nitro-glycerine, and safer than the slowest burning gunpowder, is at present being manufactured in Sweden. The chief ingredient employed to produce this desirable combination appears to be a double-nitrate of potash and ammonia. It cannot be ignited but by the impact of a blow or by the detonation of a small cartridge of ordinary powder. It does not immediately take fire, like gunpowder, guncotton or nitro-glycerine, and requires three times more powerful persussion than gunpowder, and ten times more than nitro-glycerine. For blasting purposes such a bowder would prove invaluable.—*Scientific Review.*

CARBOLIC ACID AND STREET WATERING.

Dr. Whitmore, in his Report of the Health of the Parish of St. Marylebone, London, August, says: "During the summer most of our crowded streets have been wathered on alternate days with a weak solution of carbolic acid, as has been the custom for the last four years, and there is no doubt that this excellent antipsstic and disinfectant has been very beneficial in a sanitary point of view. The inhabitants of those streets have often expressed satisfaction at the freshness and removal of disagreeable smells which this acid produces, and they regard it as an addition to their comfort."

TWO-STORY CARS.

In France they are building two-story railroad cars. There is a great saving of first cost in them, and also in dead weight. The latter amounts to only 200 pounds per passenger, and often more. The new style would probably be of great advantage to roads that carry a large number of passengers for short distances, as on lines converging to the great cities, where there is a great population within five or ten miles, that have to be transported to and from their business daily.

IMPROVED AIR-PUMP.

Mr. Rudge showed at the late Workmen's Exhibition at Islington, England, an air-pump, of very superior construction to any pump of the kind that is now in use. As a philosophical instrument, the air-pump is of great value. Hitherto, however, the best pumps made were imperfect in many respects. Mr. Rudge has brought great mechanical ingenuity to bear in the construction of his instrument, which is based on theoretical considerations of its use.

NEW MOTIVE POWER FOR STREET CARS.

Compressed Air has been used in Chicago for running street cars. On the trial trip the car, with thirty passengers ran three and a half miles in thirty minutes. The car started on a pressure of three pounds to the inch. Car weighs, with engine and tanks, twelve hundred pounds.

TO SOFTEN KID BOOTS.

Melt a quarter of a pound of tallow, then pour it into a jar, and add to it the same weight of olive oil, stir, and let it stand till cold; apply a small quantity occasionally with a piece of flannel. Should the boots be very dirty, cleanse with warm water. It will soften any leather.

BRONZING FOR LEATHER.

A small amount of the so-called insoluble aniline violet is dissolved in a little water, and the solution is brushed over the artisles; it will dry quickly, and perhaps may have to be repeated. Shoes that are treated in this way present a beautiful bronze color.

Those who admire the beauty whichis a little more than skin deep, will learn with pleasure that a mine of bismuth has been found in Archer county, Texas, capable of producing several hundred thousand tons of lily white.

Prof. Eaton has discovered that this globe will only support life 26,000,000 years more.

Our Young Folks' Column.

Original contributions to "Our Young Folks' Column" are solicited from our correspondents.

THE THREE BUGS.

Three little bugs in a basket,
And hardly room for two!
And one was yellow, and one was black,
And one like me or you;
The place was small, no doubt, for all;
So what shall the three bugs do?

Three little bugs in a basket,
And hardly crumbs for two;
And all were selfish in their hearts,
The same as I or you;
So the strong one said, "We will eat the bread,
And that's what we will do."

Three little bugs in a basket,
And the beds but two would hold;
And so they fell to quarreling—
The white the black, and the gold—
And two of the bugs got under the rugs,
And one was out in the cold.

He that was left in the basket
Without a crumb to chew,
Or a shred to wrap himself withal
When the wind across him blew,
Pulled one of the rugs from one of the bugs,
And so the quarrel grew.

So there was war in the basket;
Ah, pity 'tis,